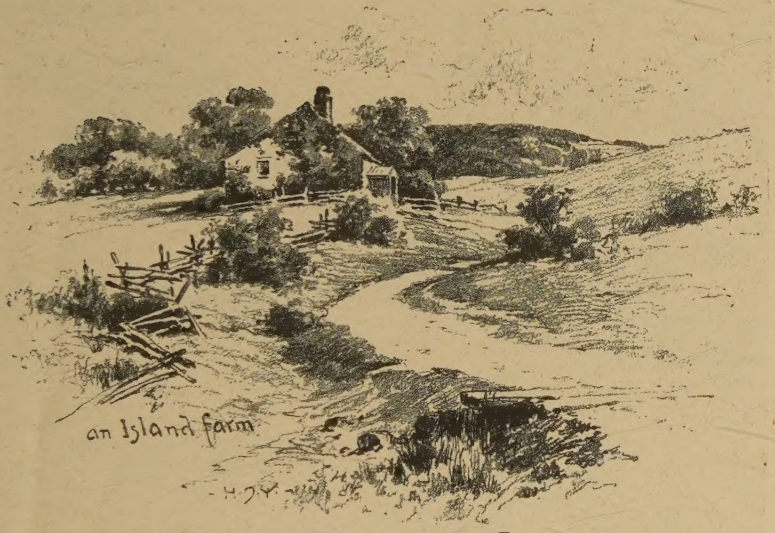
THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1895.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND is the smallest of the Canadian Provinces, embracing an area of only 2,133 square miles. But what it lacks in extent it largely makes up in fertility. The island is one hundred and thirty miles long, with an extreme breadth of thirty-four miles; but its much-indented shore gives it a great extent of coast line. The surface is low and undulating; the air soft and balmy, and much milder and less foggy than the adjacent mainland. The scenery, while not bold or striking, is marked by a rural picturesqueness, and is often lighted by shimmering reaches of salt-water lagoons, and far-stretching bays, clear and blue as those of the Mediterranean.

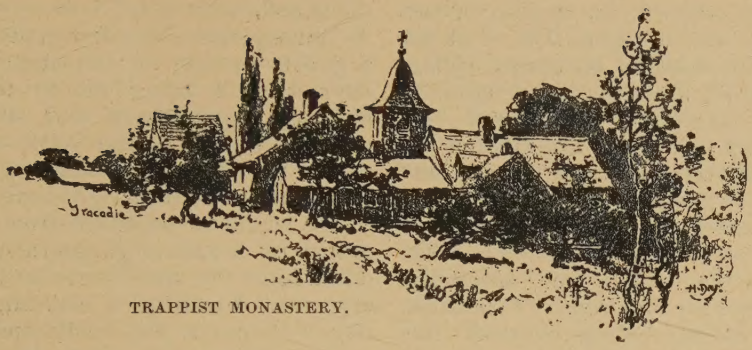
Prince Edward Island, known till 1798 as St. John's Island, is supposed to have been discovered by Cabot in one of his early voyages. For over two centuries it remained uncolonized, save as a French fishing-station. When Acadia and Newfoundland were ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht, many of the French inhabitants removed to the fertile island of St. John. This population was still further increased, on the Expulsion of the Acadians in 1755, by fugitives from that stern

edict. By the treaty of 1763, St. John's Island, with the whole of Canada and Cape Breton, passed into the possession of the British. It continued to form part of the extensive province of Nova Scotia till 1770. It was surveyed by Captain Holland, and reported to contain 365,400 acres of land, all but 10,000 of which was fit for agriculture.

In 1798, the name of the colony was changed, out of compliment to Edward, Duke of Kent—afterwards father of Queen Victoria—to Prince Edward Island. Among the most energetic proprietors was the Earl of Selkirk, the founder of the Red River Settlement. During the early years of the century, he transferred not less than 4,000 hardy Highlanders, from his Scottish estates, to this fertile island, and contributed greatly to its agricultural development.

The island is most readily reached from the mainland, by boat from Shediac to Summerside, or from Pictou to Charlottetown. Summerside is a pleasant town, with a population of 4,000, with a charming summer resort on an island commanding a fine view of the Bedeque shore and Northumberland Strait.

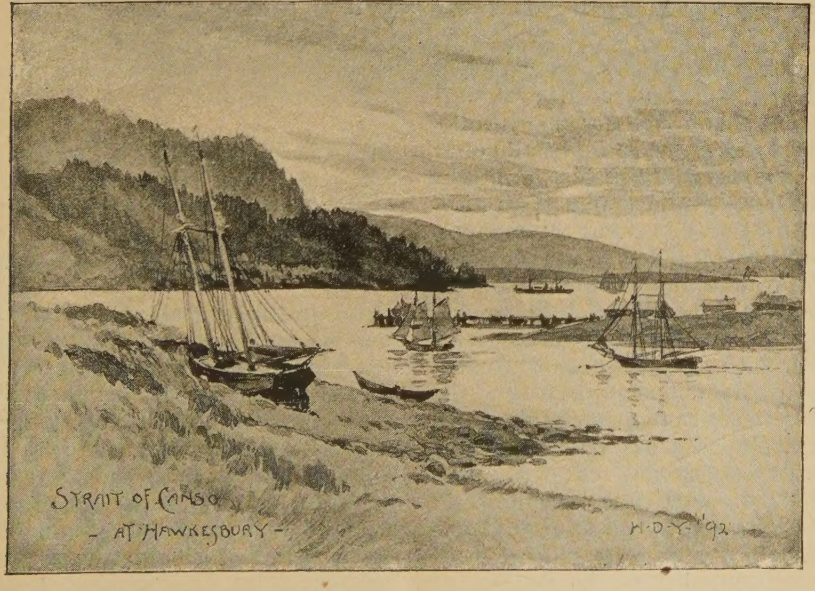
Sailing eastward, the steamer passes through this strait at its narrowest part—between Cape Traverse



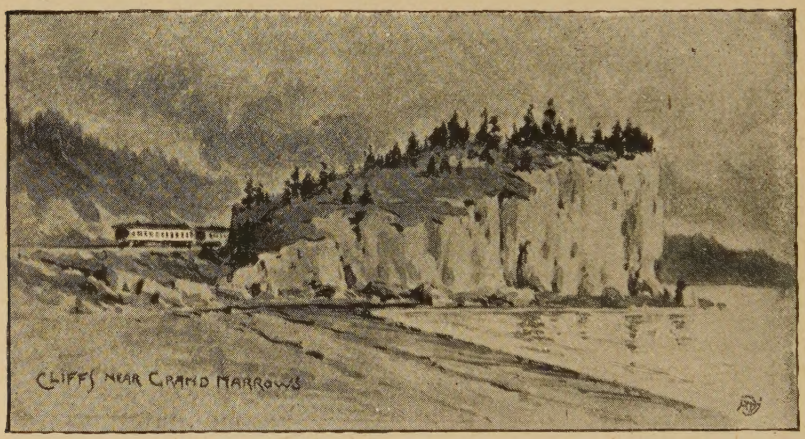
TRAPPIST MONASTERY.

and Cape Tormentine. Here the mails and passengers are carried across by ice-boats in winter, it being often found impracticable to keep a steamer running through the thick and drifting ice. This unique mode of travel is thus described by Mr. W. R. Reynolds:

"The distance to Cape Traverse is about nine miles, part solid ice, part drifting ice, part water, and sometimes a great deal of broken ice or 'lolly.' The 'ice-boat' is a strongly-built water boat, in charge of trusty men who thoroughly understand the difficult task that is before them. To this boat straps are attached, and each man, passengers included, has one slung over him. So long as there is any foothold, all hands drag the boat along, and when the water is reached they pull the boat in it and get on board. In this way, sometimes up to the waist in water, but safely held by the strap, pulling and hauling over all kinds of places, the journey is accomplished. Sometimes, when the conditions are good, the trip has less hardships than when a large amount of loose ice is piled across the path; but at any time the 'voyage' is sufficiently full of novelty, excitement and exercise, to be remembered for many days. There is nothing like it in the ordinary experience of a traveller. It is a unique style of journeying, yet, so far, it is the only sure method of communication with the island in the winter season."



Charlottetown, the capital of the island, with a population of about 12,000, is situated on gently rising ground, fronting on a capacious land-locked harbour. The streets, one hundred feet wide, are laid out in regular rectangles. The most imposing structure is the Colonial Building, constructed of Nova Scotia free-stone, at a cost of $85,000. The Legislative Council and Assembly chambers are handsomely furnished. The Wesleyan College overlooks the city and harbour. It has ten in-



structors and about three hundred students. The square full of flowering plants and well-arranged walks is surrounded by substantial, not to say handsome, buildings, that might do honour to a more important city. With all of its local attractions, Charlottetown offers a series of delightful land and water excursions.

The hills, though not high or abrupt, are gently undulating, and fresh with the colours of thrifty farm production, slope gently to the shores, where oftentimes the eye is caught by glorious patches of the bright orange and red of the red sandstone, and rises abruptly in places to a height of fifty or seventy-five feet.

The hospitality of the Redfoot, as the Islanders are called, is proverbial. A journey across country on foot, or a paddle up any of the numerous streams, will bring one in touch with the warm hearts and simple manners of the Scotch settlers, as well as the haunts of feathered game that inhabit the island generally.

The island is traversed from end to end by a narrow-gauge railway, constructed by the Dominion Government. Fertility of soil, simplicity of manners, and thrift and industry of the people, are the characteristics of the country. As a local poet expresses it:

> "No land can boast more rich supply,
> That e'er was found beneath the sky;
> No purer streams have ever flowed,
> Since Heaven that bounteous gift bestowed. . .
> And herring, like a mighty host,
> And cod and mackerel, crowd the coast."

The railway traverses a fertile farming country—"a sort of Acadia in which Shenstone might have delighted." Among the principal stations, going west from Charlottetown, are Rustico, a pleasant marine settlement; Summerside, already referred to; Alberton, a prosperous village engaged in ship-building and fisheries; and Tignish, in the extreme northern point, an important fishing

station. At Alberton were born the Gordons—martyred missionaries of Erromanga, one of whom was killed by the natives in 1861, and the other in 1872. At the eastern end of the island are Souris and Georgetown, termini of the two branches of the railway. They are prosperous fishing and shipping towns.

This tight little island is called the "Garden of Canada," and it would seem that not a foot of its area was unproductive, for it has no lofty hills, no rocks, and little forest, with a rich red loam that responds generously to the hand of the cultivator.

Of course, agriculture is the one great industry, its products exported to the amount of over a million dollars; its fisheries next, with an export of nearly a half a million dollars' value.

Re-crossing to Pictou and proceeding eastward we pass stations whose names are either Scotch or Indian, little towns among fertile fields or along marshy streams; with now and then a glimpse across to the Antigonish Mountains.

Approaching the fair town of Antigonish, the striking twin towers of the Scotch Cathedral of St. Ninian attract the eye and dominate the scene, acting as a foil to the prevailing horizontal lines of the landscape.

About the only thing of interest between Antigonish and Mulgrave is the Trappist Monastery near Tracadie, a very ancient and peculiar institution, whose intent is evidently to give object-lessons in farming and simple living. The close observer will hardly fail to notice on the left a most picturesque cluster of silvery gray buildings, over which peep the quite foreign-looking spire and cross of a chapel. It is another ancient establishment, and a relic of old Acadian days.

From this point on, the frequent outcropping of bright white patches of gypsum indicates the character of the soil, affording also enlivening contrasts to the deep green of the forest on either hand. A glimpse of far-away George Bay is caught, then the train swings sharply to the right and with applied brakes we glide down into Mulgrave, with the glorious Strait of Canso, across it the fair island of Cape Breton. The fine cliffs of Porcupine or Pirates' Cove drop precipitately from an altitude of nearly five hundred feet into the strait. Along this great waterway moves a never-ending procession of

the commerce from every nation of civilization, for it is the short cut between the cities of the north and the outer world.

The history of Cape Breton, says Mr. Young, begins practically with the Portuguese colony, which in the early fifteen hundreds was established in the little bay of St. Peter's. The sturdy Bretons who succeeded them have left their imprint on every part of the island, the name of which itself was given by them. The struggles for possession of this valued spot by French and English constitute one of the most interesting chapters in New World History.

At present the island is essentially a new Scotland, large portions of it being inhabited by the Gaels, while a few settlements are almost wholly French. The tenacity with which the customs and traditions of the mother countries are retained among the people makes the human interest of the region especially marked.

Not less remarkable, however, is the physical aspect of Cape Breton, a trifle over one hundred miles in length, nearly eighty in width, and almost divided through the middle by the waters of the famous Bras d'Or lakes, the division having been completed by the fine St. Peter's

canal. Of the nearly ninety thousand inhabitants, over ten thousand are engaged in fishing.

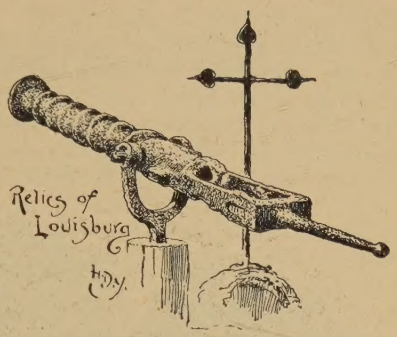
Passing through the great government canal of St. Peter's, the course lies among closely bordering shores and irregular coves and headlands. The great Bras d'Or makes a salt inland sea of fifty miles in length.

The noble iron bridge, nearly a mile in length, spanning the Grand Narrows, carries the Intercolonial Railway, and connects Sydney and the intervening towns with the outside world.

From this point one can make with comfort trips up, down or across the lake, by rail or boat.

Little Bras d'Or Lake is very re-remarkably connected with the Atlantic by two narrow channels, between which lies Boularderie Island. Sydney is the largest town in Cape Breton, and is the centre of a vast coal region. The immense piers running far out into the harbour, the numerous steamers and vessels of all types, the long trains, coal laden, all speak of one great industry. One or two of the older streets are very quaint, and contain frequent hints of the days when the French were more numerous. A large and modern hotel has just been erected here.

This is the eastern terminal of the Intercolonial, and the most eastern point to which any railway extends in America; a coal railway runs trains of a mixed character southward to the coal mines and to Louisbourg. Sydney's importance as a port may be judged by the fact that in one year, that of 1892, over fourteen hundred vessels, mostly steamers, entered and cleared, also that her export of coal amounted to over two hundred thousand tons. Esti-



mates of experts, based on former tests of duration of seams, indicate that Sydney district has two billion tons of available coal! The seams vary from three to twelve feet in thickness, and ninety to four hundred in width, extending in many instances far out under the Atlantic.

Over the portal of Gore Hall at Harvard College is fixed a quaint wrought-iron cross, brought by the colonial troops from Louisbourg as a trophy; in the grounds of a well-known physician of Sydney stands a curious cannon of the swivel pattern, rescued from the waters of Louisbourg Harbour; so far as known these are all the existing relics of the once powerful stronghold.

It was after the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, that action began, and in thirty years was created at an expense of nearly five millions (of present money value) a fortress that was known as the Dunkirk of America.

The taking of Louisbourg by a raw army of recruits and volunteers of New England in 1745 is one of the marvels of military history, a surprise to the world, an everlasting memorial to the valour and pluck of sturdy Capt. Pepperell and his New England yeomen.

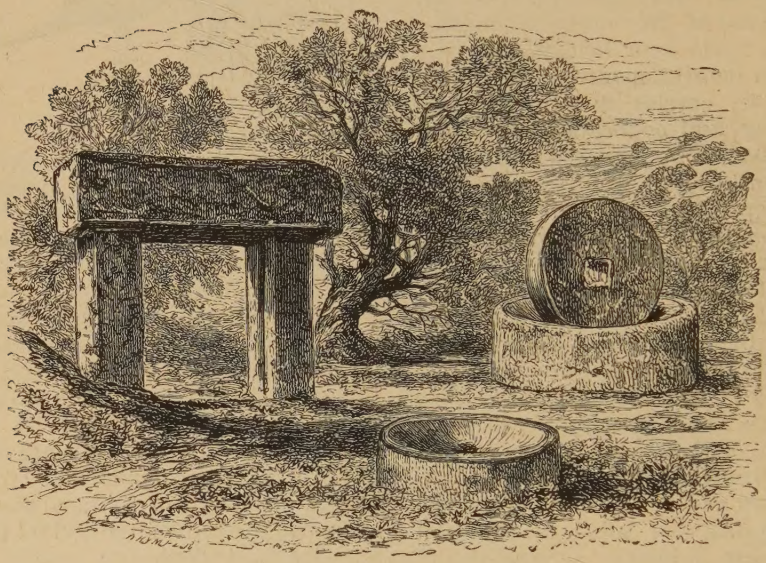
As we meet and touch each day
The many travellers on their way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry!

The contact of the soil and seed,
Each giving to the other's need,
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each as well as blest.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

TREE AND VINE CULTURE.



OLIVE TREES AND OIL PRESS.

ONE of the most striking aspects of Palestine is the comparative absence of trees. Large areas are absolutely treeless, and throughout most of the country trees are comparatively rare. Much of Southern Palestine, and especially the "mountains round about Jerusalem," have an absolutely sterile aspect on account of the scarceness of trees. "The wilderness of Judea" has the appearance of a country scathed and blasted by the curse of God. Only in the wild *ghors* and *wadies*, the ravines and watercourses, may trees be seen.

Not the curse of God, but the desolating hand of man has been the cause of this sterility. In the time of Hebrew prosperity the country was adorned with the stately palm, bearing its feathery foliage like a royal crown, the graceful cypress, the wide-spreading fig, the lordly oak, the silver-leaved olive, the majestic cedar, the handsome terebinth, with many goodly shrubs and plants. But the desolations of war, the worse desolation of Moslem misrule, and the improvidence and unthrift of the oppressed people, who often cut down but rarely planted anything of so slow growth and uncertain harvest as the native trees—these causes have all largely deforested the land.

The usual results of such recklessness have followed. The copious early and latter rains are not retained by the earth, but rush in torrents through the valleys, sweeping with them the alluvial soil. Many terraced hillsides, once clothed with vines and olives, are now washed and bleached white as a bone. The torrents of spring in summer dwindle to tiny rills or entirely disappear,

leaving only the dry and stony bed of the stream. The whole country, which in the spring blooms like a garden of the Lord, whose smell is as of a field which God hath blessed, becomes in a few weeks arid and desert and brown.

Many allusions in Scripture describe the former beauty of the land. In Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 13, *et seq.*, is an enumeration of many Palestinian trees, to each of which in turn Wisdom compares herself: "I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress-tree upon the mountains of Hermon. I was exalted like a palm-tree in En-gaddi, and as a rose-plant in Jericho, as a fair olive-tree in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane-tree by the water. As the turpentine-tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honour and grace. As the vine brought I forth a pleasant savour, and my flowers are the fruit of honour and riches."

"It is truly a delight," says Dr. Robinson, "to think that, besides the palm, and the oleander, and the prickly pear, Jesus knew as well as we do the poppy and the wild rose, the cyclamen, and the bind-weed, the various grasses of the wayside, and the familiar thorn."

There are still, however, on the banks of the Jordan and of other streams which fail not in the summer drought, and in the well-watered regions of Northern Palestine, many goodly groups or beautiful thickets of trees, reminding us of the benediction of the righteous: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper;" and of the blessing of Balaam: "As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters."

OLIVE-TREE—GATHERING FRUIT.

More common and more useful than any other tree in Palestine is the olive, so often mentioned and with such variety of phrase. The first sight of the olive creates a disappointment, from its rather stunted growth, and the dusty grayish colour of its meagre foliage. But one soon falls in love with this modest-looking tree, like a lowly Christian full of good works. There is an unspeakable charm in the rippling changes of its slender, gray-green leaves, like those of the willow. Ruskin,

OLIVE MILL.

the poet-seer and interpreter of nature, thus describes the aspect and character of this beneficent tree:

"What the elm and the oak are to England, the olive is to Italy and the East. Its classical associations double its importance in Greece; and in the Holy Land the remembrances connected with it are of course more touching than can ever belong to any other tree of the field. It had been well for painters to have felt and seen the olive-tree; to have loved it for Christ's sake; partly also for the helmed Wisdom's sake which was to the heathen in some sort as that nobler Wisdom which stood at God's right hand, when He founded the earth and established the heavens. To have loved it, even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it forever; and to have traced, line by line, the gnarled writhing of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small, rose-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs—the right in Israel of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver-gray and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which far away it veils the undulation of the mountains."

The olive is an evergreen, from twenty to thirty feet high, growing to great age, with gnarled, contorted trunk as if writhing in agony. Often the venerable patriarchs of the grove are hollow with decay but surrounded by thrifty shoots of young plants, giving new meaning to the passage, "Thy children shall be like olive plants around thy table;" and, "The Lord called thy name a green olive tree, fair, and of goodly fruit."

The special value of the olive is the nutritious oil yielded by its berries.

"Most persons," says Dr. Olin, "know little of the variety and importance of the uses to which the fruit of the olive is applied in the eastern nations and in some of the southern countries of Europe. Large quantities of the berries are used by the inhabitants and exported as food; but the principal value of the olive consists in the delicious oil that is extracted from

its fruit. This is used upon the table and in cookery as the substitute for both butter and lard. It is universally burned in lamps; and instead of candles, which are nearly unknown in the East. It is the principal material employed in making soap, and it is largely used in lubricating machinery in all the great manufacturing establishments in the world. The hill country of Judea, now the worst part of Palestine, was precisely adapted in soil and climate to the growth of the olive, the fig, the grape, and they made it perhaps the most wealthy and populous part of the land."

OLD OLIVES IN GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

After the fruit had been gathered, gleaning, as in the case of corn and grapes, was permitted, Is. xxiv. 13. While not yet ripe, the olives, in order to be pressed for their oil, were beaten from the trees; what were not obtained at the first gathering were to be left for the poor. "When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow," Deut. xxiv. 20. Olive oil was with the Hebrews a symbol of prosperity. Job. xxxix. 6: "I washed my steps with butter and the rock [the oil press] poured me out rivers of oil." Psalm xxiii. 5: "Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."

It was a staple article of commerce (Ezekiel xxvii. 17), and was itself a treasure (Prov. xxi. 20). Hence it was given in tribute to foreign monarchs. It was burnt in lamps (Matt. xxv. 3, 4), and employed as we use butter (Ezekiel xvi. 13), also in meat-offerings (Ex. xxix. 2, 23), and on joyful occasions, as at feasts (Ps. xlv. 7, Luke vii. 46). In James v. 14, the elders are instructed to anoint a sick man with oil in the name of the Lord.

The Mount of Olives was so called from the abounding olive groves with which it was, and is still, largely covered. In the garden of Gethsemane still grow eight venerable trees, descended, probably, from those beneath which the Saviour endured His unspeakable agony.

The oil was extracted either by

DATE PALMS.

bruising the fruit in a mortar, or by crushing it in a press, or grinding it in a mill, or treading it with the feet. The "beaten oil of the sanctuary" was probably made by bruising the berries in a mortar. In going through the country many of these oil-mills may be seen, some of them hewn out of the solid rock, having apparently been used in Bible times.

The palm is popularly considered as typical of Palestine. On the Maccabean coins it is the symbol of the country, and in a famous relief of "Judea Capta," the personified nation is represented as sitting beneath a palm. The palm, however, is now comparatively rare in Palestine, and abounds only in some favoured localities. Nevertheless, its very name in Greek, phœnix, seems to indicate that a knowledge of the tree

GATHERING DATES.

came to the Greeks from Phœnicia. Jericho, in the days of Moses and later, was known as the "City of Palms," Deut. xxxiv. 3, although now there are few to be found, and none at Engedi, where it once grew and flourished.

Its beautiful, clean stem, rising to the height of forty, sixty, or even one hundred feet, with its graceful crown of verdure, made it the type of stately beauty. Hence, of the "Beloved" in the Canticles, it is said, "Thy stature is like the palm tree." Hence also the appropriateness of the figure, "the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," Ps. xcii. 12. The palm was used with the olive and myrtle to build the booths of the Feast of Tabernacles, when the Jews went daily round the altar bearing the palm branches in their hands and singing "hosannah" while trumpets sounded on every side. The spreading of palm branches before our Lord in recognition of His Messiahship is illustrated by bas-reliefs of similar honours shown a sovereign in Egyptian monuments. On Palm Sunday in Jerusalem everyone, gentle as well as simple, bears palm branches in the streets and in the churches, many of them being elaborately plaited in decorative designs. In the procession around the Holy Sepulchre they are carried by boys and priests as they chant their triumphant song. Palms are also the symbols of victory, and especially victory snatched from the hands of defeat in Christian martyrdom. Hence the redeemed and glorified in heaven are represented as "clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

The economic uses of the date-palm are manifold. Its fruit is eaten raw or cooked. From it wine is made, also a species of cake taken by travellers on long journeys. In Upper Egypt the traffic in dates is very large. I saw great caravans laden with dry dates from the Soudan arriving at Assouan, on the borders of Nubia.

Date-bread and date-fruit are also staple articles of diet in the bazaars

SELLER OF DATE BREAD.

of Damascus, and in the streets of Jerusalem, as shown in our cuts, are common articles of sale. The itinerant huckster goes about calling, "In the name of the prophet, dates" or "figs."

The fig, on account of its sweetness and good fruit, was chosen king of trees in the parable of Jothan, Judges ix. 10. It is, indeed, a magnificent tree, the sycamore, or wild fig, reaching the size of our largest oaks, the trunk sometimes measuring thirty or forty feet around. Fifty or sixty camels and horses, and as many Arabs, may not unfrequently be seen encamped beneath one of these noble trees. Their low branches, somewhat like those of our beech, readily permit of one climbing them. Like Zaccheus of old (Luke xix. 4), the Orientals still climb into sycamores, where they sit and talk and smoke. Amos designates himself "a gatherer of sycamore fruit," Amos vii. 14. The fig tree produces fruit for ten months in the year, at three separate times. The spring figs are sweetest, and a very delicious fruit a fresh fig is.

The "heart of oak" is our British synonym for strength. This also is the meaning of the Hebrew name of this same tree. Amos ii. 9. Bashan was noted for its oak forests, Isaiah ii. 13. Another tree often described as an oak is rather the terebinth, which spreads its majestic arms to a diameter of nearly one hundred feet, as shown in our cut on page 199.

Throughout the Orient there is one exceedingly solemn and majestic-looking tree which always arrests the attention of the beholder. It is the funereal cypress, whose densely-matted, solemn form, with dark green foliage, rises like a spire, as shown in our cuts. In the court-yard of the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem, are some noble specimens. It is a sacred tree of the ancients and is planted largely in the vicinity of cemeteries. At Constantinople are groves of the most majestic cypresses I have ever seen. Its predominance in Cyprus gave that island its name. It is supposed to be the gopher wood of which the

GROUP OF CYPRESSES.

PALMS IN THE DESERT.

Ark was built. It is celebrated in the songs of Firdusi as having had its origin in Paradise. In Canticles i. 17, we read "The beams of our house are cedar; our walls, cypress," and in Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 17, Wisdom says of itself, "I have grown up as a cedar of Lebanon, and as a cypress on Mount Hermon."

The cedar, with which are often grouped the pine and fir, is one of the most majestic trees of northern Palestine. It is described as "the goodly," "the excellent," "the choice." The following description, in Ezekiel, lacks no element of the majestic imagery:

"Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and a

shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs,

CYPRESS TREES AND LODGE.

and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty. I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches: so that all the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied him," Ez. xxxi. 3-9.

The Psalmist draws from the tree an emblem of the safety of good men, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." We presented in a recent number pictures of this handsome tree and therefore do not repeat them. But the once goodly brotherhood of cedars of Lebanon has been reduced to not more than four hundred trees, and unless protected these may eventually disappear.

The pine and fir are often referred to in the Bible. The finest grove of these we ever saw in any land was that in the neighbourhood of Beyrout, with tall, straight, clean trunks and broad, umbrella-like tops.

Among the promised blessings of the righteous is this, that they shall dwell in peace and prosperity beneath their own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest or make them afraid. The phrase is not inappropriate for sometimes the vine will reach a diameter of eighteen inches, and one such is described as covering a house fifty feet in length and height. In the valley of Eschol the grapes are still of magnificent quality, as when the spies brought their huge cluster into the Hebrew camp. The care of the vineyard once formed a principal part of the agriculture of the country. On the slopes of Lebanon, under a Christian government, I have seen a hundred terraces on one hillside covered with vines, but under Moslem rule the terraces are broken down and vine-culture is largely neglected.

The beautiful parable in Isaiah v. 1–6, admirably describes both the culture of the vine and God's care for His people Israel.

"Now will I sing to my wellbeloved a song of my beloved touching his vineyard. My wellbeloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: And he fenced it,

LIVE OAK OR TEREBINTH.

and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a winepress therein: and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes. And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem, and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes? And now go to; I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down: And I will lay it waste: it shall not be pruned, nor digged; but there shall come up briers and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it."

Still may be seen in many places the "tower" and the "wine-press;" the tower for the protection of the vines, and the press for the treading out of the grapes. The wine-press consisted of two vats, an upper and a lower, often hewn out of the solid rock. While at work the treaders sang and gave forth a shout for mutual encouragement. See Isaiah xvi. 9 and 10. The occupation of the treaders of the wine-press offered a vivid image of destructive war, as the majestic passage in Isaiah.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

"Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?

"I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me; for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment." (Isaiah lxiii. 1–3.)

The treading out of the blood-red wine is also employed as a symbol of the wrath of God. (See Rev. xiv. 19–20, and Rev. xix. 13–15.)

I have frequently seen these winepresses on the top of high hills,

SELLING FIGS AND DATES, JERUSALEM.

once covered, doubtless, with vine terraces, but which are now absolutely sterile. In other examples the press was still in use and contained large quantities of dried grape-skins from which the juice had been pressed out. As the religion of the Moslems forbids their use of wine, the grapes are to a large extent dried as raisins and the grape juice boiled down to a syrupy thickness, which we sometimes had served to us with our bread for luncheon.

The word husk, used in Luke xv. 16, describes the fruit of the carob tree, a species of locust. It produces bean-shaped pods varying in length from six to ten inches. They have dark brown seeds of a sweetish taste. They are often used as food for the poor and food for swine. We have often tasted them and a rather agreeable flavour, they have. The tree abounds in the vicinity of Jerusalem and is often called "St. John's Bread," from a notion that it furnished the "locusts" which, with wild honey, was his food. An illustration of these pods is shown on page 201.

A great enemy of all orchard and plant growth is the army of locusts which sometimes descends as a cloud from heaven and eats up every green thing. The country is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. "That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten; and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten," Joel i. 4. The Plain of Jerico was visited by such a plague shortly before our visit. The Government ordered out troops of soldiers and summoned every available man from the villages to kindle fires and dig trenches, beat drums and do everything possible to prevent their progress. Enormous numbers of cranes made war upon the locusts and a great wind from the east swept them away.

One expression in Scripture has often puzzled many, where David

prayeth that his enemy might be "as grass upon the housetops, which withereth afore it groweth up, wherewith the mower filleth not his hand,

CAROB PODS.

nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." But when one sees the roofs made of earth and grass growing upon them, which, having little depth of soil, soon withers away, the force and beauty of the passage is exemplified. This also explains the allusions to grass on the housetops in 2 Kings xix, 26 and Isaiah xxxvii. 27. To this striking figure Macaulay alludes as setting forth the barrenness of the scholastic or deductive philosophy as compared with the scientific or inductive method.

It is marvellous to observe with what fidelity and minute accuracy the very trees of the field bear testimony to the authenticity of the sacred books. Still may be heard at the light breeze of the evening "the sound of a going" in the tops of the mulberry trees. Still "the fig tree putteth forth her green leaves; and the vines with their tender grapes give a good smell, for, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone." Nature still renews her perennial youth, though blight and decay are upon the institutions of Islam. The golden sunshine falls, the sapphire seas expand, and the land is ready under favouring conditions to bloom again as a very garden of the Lord.

MORNING.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

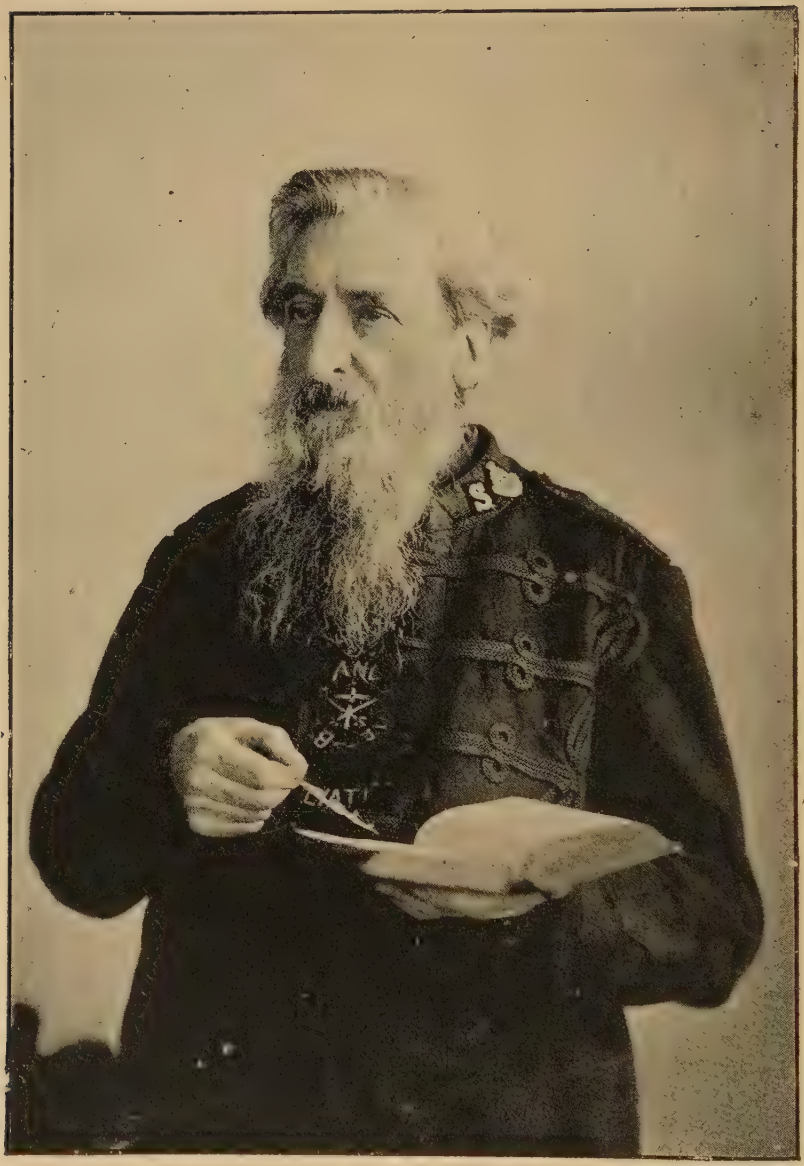
THE night is gone, and in the eastern skies
Dawns a slow light, like joy in waking eyes;
And misty tints, like opals dimly gleaming,
Fall on the fair, pale clouds that lie a-dreaming.

Shy as reluctant love, each sun-kissed flower
Uplifts her face to greet the golden hour;
And budding leaves, in rapture with their duty,
Clothe the bare boughs with young life-throbbing beauty.

Silence is stirred to tender music-words,
Bird-mothers brooding over baby-birds;
A young wind wakes, and but a moment after
Plays with the lake, and shakes it into laughter.

O Thou who sendest morning after night,
Dwell in my heart, and make its darkness light;
Thou who dost flood the world with birds' sweet singing,
Speak to my soul and set its joy-bells ringing!

VICTORIA, B.C.



Believe me Yours affectionately General
William Booth

GENERAL BOOTH.*

BY W. T. STEAD.

General Booth is the George Fox of the nineteenth century. There is little resemblance between the Salvation Army and the Society of Friends as we know it.

George Fox, like William Booth, was a man of great spiritual genius and of contagious enthusiasm. It is less generally known that he was equally subject to the reproach of usurping power, and of lording it over God's heritage. As the Salvation Army has been caricatured as the new papacy, so we may read in the autobiography of the pious Baxter that the devil and the Jesuits took under their special patronage the Society of Friends.

The silent worship of the Friends is diametrically opposed to the noisy singing of the Salvationists, but singing was as much approved of by George Fox as by William Booth.

In the employment of women as preachers, in the fiery fervour of its irregular testifying, in the constant qualification for the public gaol as a common nuisance, there is no difference between the Salvationist and the Quaker. It is less generally known, however, that George Fox anticipated William Booth in starting a kind of Foreign Missionary Society.

General Booth himself is much more impressed by his relationship to John Wesley than to the great Quaker. The connection between Methodism and the Salvation Army is close and manifest. General Booth has sometimes said that he takes up the work where Wesley left it. There is no doubt as to the essentially Methodist ancestry of the Salvation Army, and this is equally remarkable in its social as in its religious phases.

The Methodist movement at its inception, like that of the Salvation Army in its latest state of development, was essentially humanitarian. The Wesleys and the rest of the Holy Club persisted in doing what service they could to the prisoners and two or three poor families in Oxford, and were howled at accordingly. General Booth has simply worked back in his own fashion to the position which John Wesley occupied when he was a young man of seven-and-twenty.

Nor was it only in laying down abstract principles that John Wesley showed himself the genuine social progenitor of the Darkest England scheme. He started the Poor Man's Bank, and the Poor Man's Lawyer, and the first Medical Dispensary for the Poor in London. The Labour Factory at Whitechapel is but a development of the arrangement by which the unemployed Methodists were set to work in the Society room at the Foundry.

As for the Prison Gate Brigade, Wesley was from first to last a great missioner to the prisoner. It was to a prisoner in Newgate that he first offered the free salvation which his followers are now offering to millions throughout the world, and he ever regarded it as a great privilege to minister to the condemned.

William Booth was not, however, born a Methodist. His father was a member of the Church of England. He was a man of the world, whose life was spent not in church, but in the market-place, and whose anxiety was not for his soul so much as for his purse.

Young William Booth grew up in an atmosphere of unrest, in a hot-

* Abridged from W. T. Stead's Biography.

bed of quasi-revolutionary discontent. He was a Chartist—a physical force Chartist, of course, being a boy, and therefore uncompromising. "The Chartists were for the poor," so the boy reasoned, "therefore I am for the Chartists."

After two or three years the boy fell under conviction of sin, and when fifteen years of age he was converted. Shortly after his conversion a revival occurred in the Nottingham Circuit under the preaching of the Rev. James Caughey, an American revivalist. The straightforward conversational method of teaching the truths of the Gospel, and the common-sense practice of pushing people up to the point of decision, made an immense impression upon his mind.

BOOTH AND THE CHURCHES.

The next period of his history is very interesting and more instructive. For fifteen years this young Englishman, with his heart aflame with the love of God and a passionate sympathy for the people, was delivered over to be moulded and utilized by the societies which have been organized, with the express purpose of making the greatest possible use of such men as he, for the preaching of the Gospel and the conversion of souls.

As a first step, the Wesleyans, who were directly responsible for the utilization of such spiritual and moral force as their convert possessed, attempted to reduce him to the regulation pattern. They made him a local preacher, put him on the "plan," and he went into the pulpit and made sermons like the rest of them. He abandoned with a sigh his rough-and-ready methods, and conformed himself to the regulations of the Society. He did so well that they wished him to become a regular minister, to go to college, and to prepare for preaching and pastoral duties as the business of his life. His sympathies were then, as always, on the side of authority. But he had a great passion for souls. He was a local preacher, but he could not confine his overflowing zeal to the regulation plan. He must go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. So he resigned his commission as a lay preacher and went preaching in the open air, notably on Kennington Common. He says: "The Rev. John Hall at the succeeding quarterly visitation of the classes withheld my ticket of membership; and on my asking for an explanation, he replied that I could not be allowed to be a member of the Society without continuing to act as a local preacher. I regret the publicity that has been given to this matter, because I am quite sure that Mr. Hall's action would have been disowned by the bulk of the Connexion at that time, had it been known, and I am still more confident that it would have been disowned by the whole of the Wesleyan community at the present time."

So far the General, who is now, as always, full of charity and good feeling towards the Wesleyans. It seems that Mr. Hall acted naturally enough, according to the rule of red tape.

William Booth then took counsel with the young lady whom he subsequently married. She advised him to join the Congregationalists, where he could be independent, and found, if he liked, a Methodism of his own. But every instinct of his heart revolted against circumscribing the free, full, and complete salvation of Christ to a little handful of the elect. For a time he seemed to have come to a deadlock; which way to move he knew not. But this perplexity was to last for a very short period. He was introduced to the New Connexion, one of the earliest offshoots from the Wesleyan Church. They were quick to perceive his aptitude for the work, and in little more than a year he was

back in London, this time to begin his career as theological student in training for the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion. Doctor Cooke, with whom he studied, was somewhat exercised about the newcomer's habits, which did not harmonize well with the curriculum of the institution. He was allowed to be very much of a law unto himself, and in due time he was ordained as a regular minister of the body.

After having successful services at Guernsey he was about to take the superintendency of a London circuit when the authorities of the denomination ordered him to undertake a special evangelistic mission in Staffordshire. The results were extraordinary. In seven weeks seventeen hundred persons professed to find salvation, and the authorities, influenced by this signal confirmation of the wisdom of their decision, set him apart as evangelist for the whole Connexion.

MARRIES.

After he had been travelling evangelist for nearly a twelvemonth, he married the woman of genius whom the public has, in rough-and-ready fashion, canonized as the mother of the Salvation Army. It was a case with them both of love at first sight. It was three years, however, after their first meeting, before they married, but long before her marriage she was his guide and counsellor. She supplemented his nature. She was strong where he was weak; her caution was in many respects in singular contrast to his reckless impetuosity.

Of Mrs. Booth it is unnecessary for me to say anything here. Among the great Englishwomen of the nineteenth century her place is secure. George Eliot, in literature; Mrs. Browning in poetry; Florence Nightingale, in the ministry of mercy; and Mrs. Josephine Butler, in the work of reform, do not stand higher than does Mrs. Booth in the realm of religion. Without her there would no more have been a Salvation Army than there would have been Bramwell, Ballington, and all the rest of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth spent their honeymoon conducting revival services in Guernsey and Jersey. Leaving Mrs. Booth in London, he went to Yorkshire, where in the next nine months more than three thousand persons professed to find salvation under his teaching. But for some reason the Conference which had set him about this work decided to compel him to abandon his special mission and devote himself to the regular ministry. He chafed for a time against the decree, and, feeling within him the stirrings of an irrepressible yearning for a more directly evangelistic mission, he appealed to the Conference for reappointment as evangelist.

"I am called of God to this work," he boldly proclaimed to the Conference, and although he had no prospects before him, nor even any security that he would be able to earn bread for his wife and his four little ones, he resigned the ministry, and once more faced the world anew.

Mrs. Booth, a year before this, after some wrestling with herself, and long and bitter struggle against the prompting of the Spirit, had begun to take public part in the work of evangelism. No one who saw her on the platform in later years could have imagined the timidity, the abject terror with which she had endeavoured to evade this cross of public speaking. For twenty years after she first began to speak she never dared open her mouth in the presence of her husband. "The appearance of that nose of his," she said with a smile, "in the farthest corner of the hall, would paralyze me."

The Booths had not long to wait for a call. A young minister, one of his own converts, asked him to go to Hayle, in Cornwall. The religious

awakening that followed was most remarkable. Barricades had to be put up in chapels and halls which, before their coming, were comparatively deserted, to stem the zeal of the people and the crowding of the converted to the penitent form. Some four thousand persons professed to be saved in four small places in the west of Cornwall.

At Redruth they had a seven weeks' mission, at which several thousand persons were said to have been converted.

From Cornwall Mr. Booth went to Cardiff, and had to conduct services in a circus. That was followed by a still more significant new departure at Walsall. After trying for a time and failing, Mr. Booth decided to organize attractions against which even the Walsall rough would not be proof.

He set to work to get together a company of converted reprobates from all the Midlands. At last he got together as motley a crew of reclaimed blackguards as ever mustered on a convict ship, or at a gaol delivery of provincial assizes. Poachers, drunkards, wife-beaters, prize-fighters, and gaol-birds of every degree of infamy, he eagerly enlisted in the service of the revival. Then he advertised them on every hoarding as the Hallelujah Band, and boldly advanced once more to the attack.

This novel strategy had an immediate success. The chapel was crowded every night, and convicted sinners cried aloud for mercy at the penitent form. The Hallelujah Band became one of the greatest sensations of the Midlands. The converted prize-fighters attracted men who would not have stirred from their ale-houses to hear the whole bench of bishops, for an ex-gaol-bird is more attractive to these sinners whom Jesus came to call to repentance, than Mr. Spurgeon.

There are, of course, obvious objections to the utilization of blackguardism even as an advertisement, but there seems to have been no doubt that the Hallelujah Band did execution, and many notorious profligates were converted.

After visiting the Midlands, the Booths went to Leeds, and there for a time they suspended their nomadic life so far, as to take a house for six months. "We had a hard fight. . . . in the market-place, amidst oaths, and blasphemies, and peltings, and mobbings. We struggled hard for souls, and won a goodly number." The immense centripetal attraction of London exerted itself on them as on so many others, and they came up to London in 1864. Mr. Booth was invited to conduct the services held in the tent pitched on an old Quaker burial-ground in Baker's Row, Whitechapel. He accepted the invitation, and from that day his destiny was fixed.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Like most men, Mr. Booth had little idea of the momentous nature of the decision which formed the turning-point of his life. He was dispirited and oppressed by a sense of his failure to reach the masses. He began to doubt of his qualifications for the work. It was in this mood that he stood up in Mile End Waste on July 5th, 1865, and after preaching out of doors, amid the rival attractions of the shows and shooting-ranges, led a procession to the tent. The work fascinated him. The wind blew the tent down, but they "fell back on our cathedral, the open air."

The open-air cathedral, however, needs side chapels, and as the tent was gone they took refuge in an old dancing saloon. Dancing stopped late after midnight on Saturday; the converts carried in the seats at four o'clock on Sunday morning. On week-nights they met at first in a woollen warehouse, into which the street arabs threw stones, and mud, and occasional crackers. Then they migrated to a stable, from which

they were ejected for disturbing a gymnasium on the other side of the wall. They found a resting-place for themselves in an old penny gaff at Limehouse, and then established themselves on the site of an old beerhouse, the *Eastern Star*. It was not, however, till they took the Effingham Theatre that they considered their work as firmly rooted, with some prospect of permanence. It dawned upon Mr. Booth that he would have to build up a whole religious society on permanent lines, the fundamental feature of which was the doctrine that no one can keep saved who does not try to save other people. Thus it was that the Salvation Army in fact, but not in name, was born. It was not invented —like Topsy, it "growed."

At first there was nothing, or next to nothing, to distinguish it from the numberless evangelistic movements which from time to time make more or less impression on the indifferentism of the classes which are whitewashed with Christianity, and the heathenism of the masses who are more or less frankly pagan. The decisive change which stamped the character of the movement occurred in 1878. That which fixed the direction of the Army's development was the choice of its title. This was hit upon almost by chance. Mr. Railton writes:

> "We were drawing up a brief description of the Mission, and, in wishing to express what it was in one phrase, I wrote, 'The Christian Mission is a volunteer army of converted working people.' 'No,' said Mr. Booth, 'we are not volunteers, for we feel we must do what we do, and we are always on duty.' He crossed out the words, and wrote 'Salvation.' The phrase immediately struck us all, and we very soon found it would be far more effective than the old name."

This was 1878. Even before that date, however, there had been indications of development in a quasi-military direction. The evangelists of the mission were called Captain, or Cap'n, by those who followed their lead, for with the common people captain means leader. Mr. Booth, as the leader of the mission, had for some time before been known familiarly as the General. In this there was no aping of militarism, and the papers which always print the title between inverted commas are merely displaying their own ignorance. General is the correct title for the head of a great religious order such as the Jesuits, or the Benedictines, or the Salvation Army. With the General at the head of its evangelists, who were familiarly dubbed as Captain by their converts, and with Cadman already describing the mission as the Hallelujah Army, it was evident that the development of the Salvation Army would follow military lines.

General Booth told me that he found more practical help from the regulations of the British army than he did from all the methods of all the Churches. From the moment that the Army received its title its destiny was fixed. The whole organization was dominated and transformed by the name. To that it owes both its strength and its weakness. As an army it will raise recruits, train soldiers, and overrun many countries, and achieve great victories. But it will always be an army in the midst of a civilian population. What the General does is not to collect permanent congregations, so much as to stir up the whole community, and to attract by the magnet of his spiritual enthusiasm the few souls which have it in them to respond to his appeal for soldiers to go forth to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy unto all nations.

The last twenty-five years (now thirty) of General Booth's life covers the history of the rise and development of the Salvation Army. To attempt anything approaching a biography would be impossible without making a formal record of the growth and extension of one

of the most remarkable religious organizations of our day.

A WORLD-WIDE MOVEMENT.

What the next few years will show who can say? Prophecy is idle, but if the future can be inferred from the past, then by the time the twentieth century has dawned the Salvation Army will have put in ten* years of work as remarkable, as original, and as full of promise as that which it has achieved between 1880 and 1890. For the Salvation Army proper can hardly be said to be more than ten years old. It was only in 1879 that they first unfurled the Blood and Fire flag, and we now see it flying in every English-speaking land.

General Booth has been one of the most fortunate of men, and fortunate most of all in his enemies. As John Bright once said to him, "The men who persecute you would have persecuted the Apostles." Without the constant advertisement supplied by the malice of his opponents he would never have achieved one tithe of his present success.

Persecution is the great test of sincerity. General Booth has always been generously dealt with in this respect. It is true that the pagans of Geneva have not yet burnt Miss Booth in the central square of their city, but, short of the stake, the Salvationists have endured almost every species of persecution. They have been fined and imprisoned in almost every country they have ever visited. They have been kicked, knocked down, stoned, covered with filth, and generally treated as the off-scouring of all things. And the net result of it all is that now, as of old, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

Much as the Salvation Army has been helped by its friends, it would have been at a comparative standstill but for its enemies. They have enabled it to pose as the champion of liberty of speech and liberty of procession; they have furnished it with a noble company of officers whose university has been the gaol, and who have been tempered in the furnace of tribulation before they have been called to the ministry of love for the salvation of the lost. And let it never be forgotten that all these attacks from the outside have been of incalculable service to the organization. They nipped in the bud the tendency to disintegration; they stimulated loyalty, and they bound soldiers and officers together with a bond of affection which made the most iron discipline seem light. The greatest danger which menaces them to-day is the possibility of their becoming so respectable that they will no longer be exposed to the biting blasts of ridicule and denunciation, which, like Kingsley's Nor'-easter, has made them the men they are.

General Booth is most fortunate also in the possession of a keen sense of humour. This gift comes as a revelation to most of those who hear him for the first time. It is, perhaps, his greatest gift as a speaker. Judging from ordinary standards, he is not an orator. But he has the saving gift of humour well under control, and it stands him in good stead.

If you were to ask General Booth what he regarded as the secret of his strange success, he would tell you that it was because he was a man of one idea. From first to last he has been dominated by one central thought, which has possessed him as by a consuming passion. That one idea has been a passionate yearning love for his fellow-men. From his boyhood, in Nottingham, he has always been full of sorrow for the sufferings and the miseries of men and women. His heart has gone out to them, and his whole soul has been preoccupied with the one question, How can I best do something for them? How can I

* This was written in 1891.

help them? How can I best bring some light and warmth, and love and joy into these darkened, cold and miserable hearts?

General Booth told me once, that from earliest youth he was constantly thinking of two men—Wesley and Whitefield. Of the two, Whitefield seemed to him much the finer character. Whitefield was a great orator —a man of magnetic presence, with a veritable inspiration as a preacher. Wherever he went his passionate appeals roused the sleeping conscience, convicted sinners of their guilt, and caused thousands to cry aloud in the anguish of penitence and remorse, "What shall I do to be saved?" Wesley had neither the eloquence nor the magnetic influence of Whitefield. But he possessed one thing which his more brilliantly-gifted contemporary lacked. Wesley understood the importance of organization. When he made an impression upon a man he did not stop there. When he had made a convert, he enlisted him as a recruit. He recognized the responsibility of leadership. He was not afraid to accept the duties of ruler.

As the result of the two methods, what do we see? Whitefield's marvellous eloquence has vanished with the perfume of the roses of summer. His hearers bowed before his influence as the grain bends beneath the breeze. But, like the wind, it has passed, and only the memory of it lingers amongst us to this day. Wesley, on the other hand, although in many respects the inferior man, has achieved permanent results. Methodism in all its branches is now the greatest, the most widely diffused, and the most vigorous of all the Protestant Churches of to-day.

General Booth dreams of founding a veritable theocracy in some sparsely-peopled country, where the authorities of the Church will avoid all the mistakes of their predecessors, and show the world a realized and true sample of the Kingdom of Heaven. Already Boards of Guardians are negotiating with him for the transfer of their casual wards to the Army. The Victorian Government, the most democratic on this planet, votes his Rescue Home and Prison Brigade an annual subsidy, and who knows how long, or rather, how short a time it may be before we see his officers holding religious services in all the gaols and workhouses in the land?

He has set his heart on realizing the Carlylean ideals, and if he succeeds even to a limited extent in organizing the unemployed, and in utilizing waste labour, who can foresee whereto this may grow? John Wesley's saying, "All the world's my parish," exactly expresses General Booth's conception of his field of labour. He is almost the only cosmopolitan man of our time.

He has immense aspirations, but he can hardly be said to have gigantic schemes. He did not devise the Salvation Army. It grew. So did his social scheme. And so will the other schemes that are still to come. They are born of circumstances acted upon by the constraining pressure of love for men. General Booth does not do what he wishes to do; he does what he is driven to do.

The General did not plan out the conquest of the world. Each of his successive advances was forced upon him. He could not help himself. Why did the Salvation Army go to Australia? Because a quondam drunken milkman, who had been saved at Stepney, emigrated to Adelaide, and sent over an urgent summons for help to start the Holy War in Australia. In like manner it was a convert from Coventry who, having settled in Philadelphia, brought over the Salvation Army to the United States. But when a door is opened, General Booth dare not refuse to go through it to proclaim the glad tidings of a gospel of happiness and love.

"Whenever I am wanted to go anywhere," said a humble convert of the Army, "I say, 'Shall I go, Lord?' and if He says, 'Go, Bill,' then I go; but if he doesn't, I don't." That is General Booth's spirit. He gets his marching orders, and, acting on his own precepts, he does as he is told, and does not "argufy."

Apart altogether from its direct effects, General Booth's life-work has been as a trumpet-call to the Churches of Christendom. The forward movement among the Wesleyans and the Church Army in the Establishment are but two illustrations of the effect which he has produced outside the immediate range of his own operations. Nor is it only the Churches that have felt the quickening and refining influence of his loving heart and courageous faith. The whole trend of social legislation for many a year to come will bear unmistakable signs of the influence of his great passion for the welfare of men; and when the Queen gives her assent to the Act enfranchising her own sex, she will but be attesting the change in the popular estimate of the capacities of women, which has been most largely brought about by the work of the Salvation Army.

NOTE.—Mr. Stead's sympathetic character-study of General Booth is very well, so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. It points out some of the elements of his success. But it does not sufficiently emphasize the supreme element – the mighty power of God. Again has been gloriously fulfilled the Scripture, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The uplifted Christ has been the great attraction that has drawn the vilest and the worst to the foot of the Cross, has renewed fallen natures, changed degraded lives, and given to outcasts the adoption of sons, the zeal of the martyrs, the marvellous ministry of a new apostleship.—ED.

GERRITSEN; MARTYR.*

A BALLAD OF THE DUTCH SALVATION ARMY.

BY SUSIE F. SWIFT.

THE thud of a thousand sabots, the tramp of a thousand feet!
Peasant and burgher were mingled in the crowd on the old Hague street,
Uncovered, as royalty forth-fared, or as men pause while passes the Host,
Hard-pressing, shoulder to shoulder, for which should gaze longest and most.
Whereon? Was their girl-queen smiling by the side of the Regent fair,
At play with the keys of a kingdom, whose weight she will one day bear?
No; for women sobbed in the sunshine, and clutched their children fast,
And rebel and Anarchist bared them while the car of this triumph passed,
Dragging a leaden coffin through a splendid city square,
While over the close-ranked mourners waved our flag of the Single Star.
They were men from our poor Hague Shelter held the foremost place in the train,
But the Angels of Welcome swept downward, till we almost heard their strain
Swelling our notes of thanksgiving for one who had lived not in vain!

Gold-won honours live for a day;
Flung on a coffin, fade and decay;
Homage and honour thine last aye and aye!

He had dwelt once 'midst wealth and 'midst plenty, the man whom we buried that day,

* We have pleasure in reprinting from *All the World*, the admirable magazine of the Salvation Army, this spirited ballad.—ED.

His name and his signature honoured wherever the gold-king held sway.
The docks and the dykes he held shares in, half-circled the country around,
And his place and his plenty seemed certain as any within Holland's bound.
At the board of the rich and the powerful he found him a welcome guest,
And Life laughed up from the wine-cups and promised to do his hest.
He had sat with a king at table, while a queen smiled over the board,
And he fancied Life's promise rang louder, the faster the wine was poured.
Toss the leaves of his story quickly; for each shows an ugly stain,
And the friends of his earlier manhood have turn from the book in disdain!
'Twas one day in the dull, chill winter, when believing that life was o'er,
Weary and hopeless, unfriended, he came to our Shelter door,
Craving food just to go on breathing—looking for nothing more.

Earth-won gold slippeth away;
Gold-bought love comes not to stay.
Love and gold mate ill-a-day.

Broken in purpose and spirit, hopeless of God or of man,
Feeling him useless forever, accursed by the pauper's ban—
Yet helping and cheering and brothering brought forth a *man* from the wrack,
Where blaming and warning and doubting had but strengthened Sin at his back.
In on his world-blind vision broke the light of the Very Day,
Close round his wounded spirit the balm of a Presence lay,
And there came a time when the captain, once more as a man among men,
Sent him back to the world of his failure to trace out a life-path again.
This time, 'midst the sick and the dying. He served at the hospital door.
He toil·d for a bare bread-pittance, with a joy never dreamed of before,
For now, where the feet of the suffering the thickest and oftenest trod,
'Midst men who spoke of their brothers as bits of clay and of clod,
He stood as the sworn embassy of the Healer-Christ of God.

Late-come reapers full sheaves may lay;
Lord of Harvest, metes not earth-way!
"Victor though vanquished" wins heaven's bay.

One day ran a sullen murmur through the corridors wide and high.
"No case for us here! Who'll tend him? Let them take him away to die."
And the porters dropped a burden close-wrapped as the shrouded dead,
But moaning in desolate anguish, as it knew all helpers were fled.
Each nurse refused it service—that bundle of hideous pest—
And the doctors glanced at each other and silently acquiesced.
Then Gerritsen—name red-lettered of all on our Shelter roll—
Cried, "Give me room for his tendance! I'll serve this suffering soul."
So, shut away from his brother in an awful fight with death,
Christ's servant-soldier conquered—and won back the dying breath,
And the man whose life he rescued walked forth from the hospice door,
While down on his poor, hard pallet lay his saviour, to rise no more
Till the Gates of Death are broken and the vanquished's vict'ry o'er.

L ve-bought love lasts earth's day;
Life-bought love lives ever, aye;
Love-bought life gives it away!

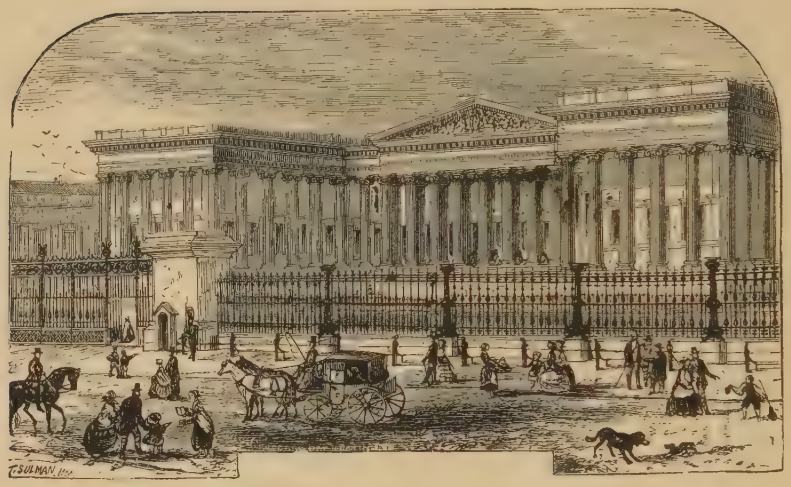
And so, with right royal honours the train of our Gerritsen passed.
So, scoffer and sceptic did homage to the Christ in this man at the last.
Then—the Lord of the Martyrs bent smiling, as a fresh crown before Him was cast!

—*All The World.*

WALKS IN LONDON.

A TOUCH OF VANISHED HANDS.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON.

PERHAPS no place in the world is so eloquent with the echoes of voices that are still as the noble building in London known as the British Museum.

The spacious rooms, galleries, halls, stairways, aisles and walls are all crowded with the treasured memorials of a remote antiquity, and with the rich relics and recollections of multitudes of events of more recent times. Here is one of the most famous and extensive libraries in the world; the books if placed side by side would, we are informed, reach a distance of forty miles! This empire of gathered treasures, through which you may feel the pulse-beats of departed civilizations and centuries, extends its bounds from year to year. As you walk past those walls, peopled from floor to ceiling with these products of the brain, you cannot but think of the warm "blood of passionate conviction," and the "whirlwinds of inspiration," which started many of them into being. The vastness of the thing confounds, bewilders and almost overwhelms us. Oliver Wendell Holmes has well said that "There is one lesson to be got from a visit of an hour or two to the British Museum—namely, the fathomless abyss of our own ignorance. One is almost ashamed of his paltry heart-beats in the presence of the rushing and roaring torrent of Niagara. So if he has published a little book or two, collected a few fossils, or coins, or vases, he is crushed by the vastness of the treasures in the library, and the collections of this universe of knowledge."

And yet in all these miles upon miles of books, of the acres upon acres of manuscript, we must not forget that to a large extent much of this world-famed collection of these products of the pen is little more than a grand cemetery of departed reputations, and the only immortality which many an am-

bitious author has achieved is a book-shelf immortality, or the immortality of the types. Nor let us imagine that the tides upon tides of current literature now flowing from the press are all a new creation of this ninteenth-century intellect, and are therefore on their way to a more dignified and enduring destiny. Most of the thought of to-day has blossomed out of a boundless antiquity, it has been nourished by the mental spoil of past ages, and behind it all there are ambushed multitudes whose claims cannot be ignored. The brain of the present day is "full of borrowed materials which have lost their labels, and to a great extent most of us are not much more than literary resurrectionists"

Our principal purpose, however, in this contribution is to refer especially to some of the celebrated autograph letters and manuscripts, which in themselves furnish a source of unfailing interest, and bring you into touch with the vanished hands of those who once filled their own times with their influence and fame, and whose memories and names have still a place in this broad, monumental temple, through which processions from almost every clime are continually passing.

As you look upon those letters of the distinguished dead, filling as they do case after case in those spacious and splendid rooms, it seems as if the long years between were somehow spanned by those links of the pen, and that you have been pushed back among the personalities, events and scenes of former days. Epochs, battles, national tumult, revolutions and reforms all rush past as in some moving, exciting panorama, and a thousand years of history seem to echo their thrilling story in the few moments you spend among these pathetic memorials of the past. Perhaps it is true that,

"One crowded hour of glorious life,
Is worth an age without a name."

First, then we invite attention to some few of the autographs of English and foreign eminent men. In the Grenville library there is a letter written by Erasmus, dated 1525, referring to Luther's marriage, and one from Martin Luther himself dated Wittenburg, Palm Sunday, 1536, to Thomas Cromwell, Secretary of State, rejoicing in Cromwell's zeal for the cause of Christ and his power to advance it; also one from Philip Melancthon, 1535, to Henry VIII., sending him a book by the hands of a Scotchman, and expressing admiration of his talents and virtue! Here is the Original Bull of Pope Leo X., conferring on King Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith; dated at Rome, Oct. 11th, 1521, and signed by the Pope and many of the cardinals. Then follow letters of John Calvin, Sir Thomas More, Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. The letter, dated 1537, is to Thomas Cromwell, thanking him "that your Lordeship at my requeste hath not only exhibited the Bible (English) which I sent you to the Kinge's maiestie, but also hath obteigned of his grace that the same shal be alowed by his auctoritie to be boughte and redde within this realme."

In a letter to his wife Oliver Cromwell says, "I praise the Lord I am encreased in strength in my outward man, but that will not satisfie mee except I gett a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better and gett more of the light of his countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions." In the same room are communications penned by Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Albert Durer, Van Dyck, Sir Francis Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, John Dryden, Dean Swift, Joseph Addison, Alexander Pope, George Washington and Napoleon I., Emperor of the French.

Next is a large collection of au-

tograph letters by the kings and queens of England. The first is by Richard II., dated 1397. In the month of March, 1518, Henry VIII. writes to "myne owne good Cardinall" Wolsey, as follows; "I recomande me unto yow with all my hart and thank yow for the grette payne and labor that yow dayly take in my bysyness and maters, desyring yow to take summe pastyme and comfort to the intente you may the lenger endure to serve us, for allways payne cannot be indured. . . . Urythyn with the hand of your lovying master Henry R." Concluding a long list of original letters by the sovereigns of England, is the signature of Queen Victoria, written in pencil at the age of four years.

We now note a few of the autographs of British statesmen and commanders. Here is a letter written by Cardinal Wolsey, after his disgrace (1530), to Stephen Gardiner, in which he speaks about his "langwyshing and consuming awey throwth thys myn extreme sorrowe and hevynes." John Hampden, Robt. Walpole, William Pitt, Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, Edmund Burke are represented by their letters. And one from Viscount Nelson written by him on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar, in which, after other things, he says, "May God Almighty give us success over these fellows and enable us to get a Peace." Below is written on this last letter by Lady Hamilton: "This letter was found open on *his* desk and brought to Lady Hamilton by Captain Harry. Oh, miserable, wretched Emma! Oh! glorious and happy Nelson!"

There is also a sketch plan of the battle of the Nile. In the corner is the following note: "This was drawn by Lord Viscount Nelson's left hand, the only remaining one, this Friday, February 18th, 1803, Alexander Stephens." In the handwriting of the Duke of Wellington is an enumeration of the cavalry under his command previous to the Battle of Waterloo, 18th June, 1815; Brief notes by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord Macaulay, Beaconsfield, and also from General Gordon to his sister from Khartoum, in 1884.

On another table we have autograph letters from reformers, poets and literary men: John Milton, Jeremy Taylor, George Fox, Richard Baxter, Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Thomas Gray, Robert Burns, Lord Byron, Keats, Shelley, South, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Charles Dickens. This letter from Dickens was written the day before his death to Charles Kent, in which he says, "To-morrow is a very bad day for me to make a call . . . but I hope I may be ready for you at three o'clock. If I can't be—why then I shan't be. You must really get rid of those opal enjoyments. They are too overpowering. The violent delights have violent ends."

Here is also a communication from Geoge Whitefield (1741), and one from John Wesley dated Edinburgh, May 12th, 1770, addressed to "Mr. Richard Burke, at the Preaching House, in Waterford," explaining his inability at present to assist him, living himself, "as we say, from hand to mouth," and thinking "it very hard if Ireland cannot allow a maintenance to the preachers in Ireland."

We can only make the slightest reference to a few of the famous manuscripts which have been collected and preserved with the greatest care. Here is one from Ptolemy the Macedonian, written on papyrus, B.C. 162. The oldest *dated* Christian document extant is "The Recognitions of Clement of Rome," written A.D. 411. Among the early Biblical manuscripts is a volume of the celebrated "Codex Alexandrinus," written in uncial letters on vellum about the middle of the fifth century. The Peshito Syraic version is dated, A.D. 464. There is a Pali manuscript written on 147 leaves

of the talipot palm-tree, containing a commentary on one of the books of Buddha. Another Pali manuscript is a compendium of the Buddhist Canon; it is written on 236 palm-leaves and enclosed in carved ivory covers. In an adjoining case is a large double roll containing the Pentateuch, written on brown African goat-skins, eighty-nine feet in length by twenty-six inches in width, it dates about the fourteenth century.

These are but selections from hundreds of manuscripts and letters, every one of which possesses an interest and significance all its own.

SACKVILLE, N.B.

HOSPITALS, THEIR HISTORY AND MISSION.*

BY F. R. ECCLES, M.D., M.R.C.S. ENG., F.R.C.S. EDIN.

Professor of Gynæcology in the Western University, London, Ont.

HOSPITALS are the product of Christianity; they grow out of the teachings of the Bible. By a refined process of evolution, this charity has grown, during the last century and a half, and in an almost geometrical ratio during the last half of the nineteenth century. Some would speak of it as the product of civilization, but charity is not the product of civilization, it is the product of Christianity—that which exalts the fraternity of man, and the unity of the race, and carries civilization with it.

I do not deny that hospitals (some great, if you please) have been built, equipped, and endowed, for the education of the young, as well as for the sick and suffering, by men who denied the Christian religion, but the environment of their lives has been such that the influences of the Christian life have permeated, unknown to themselves, their very nature, and demonstrated what they themselves deny. The great Daniel Webster once said, "If charity denies its birth and parentage, if it turns infidel to the doctrines of the great Christian religion, if it turns unbeliever, it is no longer charity. There is no longer charity in a Christian sense, or in the sense of jurisprudence, for it separates itself from the fountain of its own creation." Christianity carries with it civilization, and hospitals are in some sense the measure of the civilization of a people. It is the people educated up to the point of helping others that is largely the essence of the Sermon on the Mount.

Hospitals were established in mediæval times, and were nothing more than the arrangement for the care of the diseased and the poor by the monasteries of that period, whose ecclesiastics were largely responsible for the care of the same. These houses of religious retirement had their hospitals, which embraced a much wider significance than is usually determined by the word at the present time. Combine all the various charitable institutions of this city into one, or rather under one government — hospitals, Old Men's and Old Women's homes, Orphans' Home, the Convalescent Home and the Home for Incurables, and add to this the Poorhouse and the Home for the Blind, and you have some idea of the breadth of charity embraced by the hospital of that day. It was part of a religious system, and in some instances exhibited much self-sacrifice. At first a part

* Abridged from an able and comprehensive address delivered before the London Medical College in connection with the Western University, Ontario, by Dr. F. R. Eccles.

of the monastery, later on detached, and numbers of cottages linked together like a small village, and special revenues appropriated for their maintenance.

We have no accurate knowledge of separate hospitals in England before the end of the eleventh century. They were first established for the reception of persons afflicted with leprosy (the much-dreaded disease and scourge of England) and later on for other contagious diseases. The word hospital was abbreviated into "'spitals," and Shakespeare refers to it as "'spital-house." Spitalfields, now quite a large section of the great metropolis of London, derived its name from the hospital in the fields, then some distance in the country. Leper hospitals were erected for the isolation and care of the lepers, and to protect society.

The fear of contagion, more than sympathy with the suffering, may have been largely instrumental in the building of these isolated hospitals; but the origin of the infirmaries in connection with the monasteries must have been the great pulse-wave of Christianity beating at the door of the hearts of God's people, and sounding and resounding amidst the darkness and dim twilight of these ages. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And over the tops of the centuries down to the present we hear the swelling refrain, until in every nation and clime where Christianity has pushed its ever-widening way, its polarizing influence has been exercised on selfishness and uncharitableness in the erection of these institutions of charity and philanthropy.

This charity growing out of Christianity, considers the most useless and abandoned of the race to be the more in need of assistance, and so we find the unworthy as well as the worthy poor provided for.

Year by year the condition and management of these institutions have occupied the minds of the leading philanthropists of every Christian nation. In protecting society we alleviate human suffering and lengthen life. But if we look at it only from a selfish standpoint, in the protection of ourselves, then the union of many selfish ones presents an organized warfare against sickness and disease more powerful than any single-handed conflict, and nowhere can this be carried on so successfully as in a hospital; so that in a sense the hospital is a great battle-ground, and from more motives than one there ought not to be any institution more worthy of support by the municipality, or by the voluntary contributions of its citizens.

Hospitals are now recognized as being absolutely necessary in all centres of population; not only that contagious diseases among the poor, but also amongst the rich, may be prevented; not only that the deserving poor may have a refuge in all times of sickness, but also that the well-to-do and even opulent may, at not a very large cost, have the same skill and ability and good nursing that the deserving poor obtain gratis. For many of the well-to-do and even wealthy are cognizant of the fact that they can have a more skilful treatment in a well-equipped hospital than they can in their own homes, be they ever so splendid and luxurious. They realize that they can have not only the comforts of home, but skilled attendance and skilled nursing, and the use of many conveniences and appliances specially designed for the ease and well-being of the sick. So that the hospital ought not to be a place to provide for the poor alone, but also for the well-to-do and rich. Why should any of our citizens who are willing and able to pay handsomely for such privileges, not have the enjoyment of such when sickness overtakes them? By this means health

is sooner restored, mortality is much diminished, and in both these respects the municipality is made richer.

How long it takes to break down prejudice! For many years hospitals and pauperism were linked together, and even now a great many people still think of a hospital as a place for the indigent sick. In the directions of Johns Hopkins for the provision of the great hospital which bears his name, in his letter to the trustees, while he gives directions for the reception of the sick poor, without regard to sex, age or colour, he says: "You will also provide for the reception of a limited number of patients who are able to make compensation for the room and attention they may require. The money received from such persons will enable you to appropriate a larger sum for the relief of the suffering of that class which I direct you to admit free of charge, and you will thus be enabled to afford to strangers, and to those of your own people who have no friends or relations to care for them in sickness, and who are not objects of charity, the advantages of careful and skilful treatment."

Hospitals are, in general, supplied by the state, the municipality, or by both, by pay patients and by voluntary contributions. There have been for years some differences of opinion as regards the best form of hospital building; I do not mean for architectural display, but for sanitary reasons. That form of building which contributes most rapidly to the recovery of the patients, as well as lessening the mortality, must obtain. The debatable ground is now between the pavilion style (two or three stories), or the cottage system. In either case you have a hospital, no matter how large, well constructed for ventilation, heating and abundance of fresh air. One large, solid building has many disadvantages from a sanitary point of view. Isolation of wards, thorough ventilation, bacteriological investigations, and absolute cleanliness, have largely reduced the mortality in the wards of general hospitals. This is especially so in surgical wards.

Within the last half of a century, and especially during the last quarter of a century, specialism has grown with amazing rapidity, and with the growth of specialism the need of special hospitals has been felt. The classification of various diseases, and the special study of their causes and treatment, with a gradual improvement of technique, have demonstrated beyond all question that specialism has come to stay, and popular attention has so been drawn to it, rather than repelled, that we find special hospitals for the study and treatment of special diseases in all the very large cities of the civilized world—notably in the great centres of nations. No one will pretend to deny the practical benefits that have resulted from this direct and organized effort in the scientific study and treatment of diseases. And so we find many special hospitals for various diseases.

Hospitals for the diseases of the heart, diseases of the lungs, diseases of the eye, diseases of the ear, diseases of the throat, for diseases of the nervous system, for diseases of women, diseases of children, and for deformities, and many more. However, only in very large cities do we find special hospitals for the treatment of special diseases, some of them endowed, some of them largely supported by voluntary contributions, but in general hospitals the necessity of such has been overcome by assigning special cases to special departments under those who have given special attention to such work.

It overwhelms me with sadness that the limitations of skill are such as to leave so many to become inmates of such a place as the Home

for Incurables, but while such is the case, one rejoices that even for them an active philanthropy in our midst has founded a place for these unfortunates. The General Hospital is not the place for such; it is a place to turn the unproductive and expensive citizen into a productive one; it is a place to cure the sick and crystallize medical thought; a place to relieve suffering and "clarify medical knowledge."

While the work done in the hospital is undoubtedly philanthropic, it is also educational and scientific. May I say this—every lecture, whether clinical or didactic, every operation, whether simple or major, breathes the spirit of sacred responsibility to every student, and implies the duty of every practitioner to guard the wealth of our country in the preservation of the health of the great Dominion, of which Ontario is a humble province.

On the continent of Europe, as well as on this continent, a great many of the large hospitals have medical schools attached to them. The hospital can exist without the medical school, but the medical school cannot exist without the hospital. "The hospital is a perpetual flowing stream of medical science." The rich experience obtained there by comparative study, by the observation of predisposing and hereditary influence, by the habits and practices and idiosyncrasies as well as occupation of patients, bears fruit not only within the walls of the hospital itself, but in the homes of the well-to-do and wealthy. All the skilled and best treatment the well-to do owe to the hospital system.

The great object of a medical school is to teach the knowledge of medicine up to the present date—to gather in from every hospital, and college, and laboratory, from every nation over the broad earth the highest perfection of our science and art, and lay it tribute at the feet of the class. To those who are personally acquainted with the subject, there is no question but those patients in a hospital where medical teaching is carried on have a more careful watching, closer observation, and in general better attention than in hospitals where no teaching exists.

The very act of teaching clears the mind and stimulates the study of the dark and winding paths of obscure diseases. It cultivates precision and the development of sound judgment, and ever puts the teacher on his mettle before the class. Does anyone pretend to say that this must not redound to the interest and welfare of the patient? This is personal labour of no small degree, and must necessarily make great inroads on the teacher's time, but without which the best teacher of the present day would be but a fossil at the end of a quarter of a century. This knowledge is of a practical character, and has to be communicated to the student at the bedside. There at the bedside no symptom nor physical sign must escape his his observation. All changes since his last visit have to be commented upon and the present condition noted. With twelve or fourteen fourth-year students hungering and thirsting after knowledge, and not slow to criticise omissions and commissions of the professor, I repeat the average hospital patient has a more careful examination and a more skilful treatment than the average patient in the most luxurious home. His case is written up by the professor's clinical clerk with great care, because that clerk knows too well that any carelessness or negligence in this respect will subject him to the reproof of the visiting member of the staff.

While this is largely for the benefit of the patient, and bears fruit in the treatment and daily management of the case, it is not without benefit to the senior student or clinical clerk. It puts him through a course of discipline, of daily ob-

serving and recording symptoms, and watching carefully the progress of the case, and the influence of remedies in disease. This very training itself bears fruit in the management and treatment of many of you or your friends who are, or may be, ill. Especially is this so in an extremely critical illness, where the course is rather a tempestuous one; and to this very hospital training some one of you or your friends may owe his or her life.

Then another benefit and boon conferred by the general hospital is the training-school for nurses. The nurses are largely from our own city and county, and are provided, by their course of training, with an honourable and noble livelihood. The members of the staff, by lectures and practical training, most cheerfully lend their assistance to the medical and lady superintendents in thus properly preparing them for their life's work. And thus, under a proper system of training, the poorest citizen of our city, when illness overtakes him or her, has the most careful and skilled nursing. These nurses scatter broadcast wherever they go these principles of personal and house hygiene so thoroughly instilled in them during their pupilage at the General Hospital. In this way while nursing they become useful in many homes in removing much ignorance and instituting no small sanitary reform.

The hospital belongs to the people. It concerns the people, and every question concerning it is the people's question. I wish it were possible, as in the mother country, to have a Hospital Sunday once a year. I believe it would awaken a deeper, wider and more universal interest in its welfare. At first thought it may seem impracticable, but aside from the amount realized it would yearly draw the attention of the people to the hospital and its requirements, and if no other object were secured than the direction of the minds of the citizens to this great charity, no little good would be accomplished.

It is in hospitals of this kind that the great problems of deeper insight into the cause of diseases, greater skill and success in the treatment of them, as well as in the prevention, are to be solved. How many problems rolling down the ages unsolved have during the last half century had their solution? Fifty years ago for a man to talk of communicating with his relatives in London, or Paris, or Berlin, in a few minutes would subject himself to the then existing lunacy laws. The last half of the nineteenth century in many ways is the most wonderful period in the world's history. The perfection of the use of steam makes man a citizen of the world, as well as the citizen of a country. The chaining of electricity and the various purposes to which it has been applied are among the marvels of the age, and now by telephone and telegraph man becomes ubiquitous. In almost every department of science giant strides have been made; not less so in medicine. I dare not trespass on your time in going over the details of the wonderful advancement and achievements of our art during the last quarter of a century, or I might even say the last decade.

I am sorry to say in our profession the work of many of the great explorers in hidden fields have had too little recognition. While literature, and art, and naval and military achievements, and even wealth, have had their marked recognition, we find that the Crown until lately has been slow to confer honours upon the great and noble in our profession. Surely we cannot be accused of dipping deeply into the public purse, although that does not seem to be a barrier to recognition. However, the overwhelming verdict of the nations, "Honour to whom honour is due," has at last broken

down the barriers to meritorious acknowledgment. Wealth and a hereditary title has fallen to the lot of one who has done more than any living man to put aseptic surgery on a foundation as scientific, I was going to say, as the laws of gravitation—Sir Joseph Lister.

The tendency to the study of special diseases in general as well as in special hospitals has reaped great rewards. Concentrated effort and intensified thought in the region of original investigation have and are yearly producing facts which read like a romance, but which are the unchangeable truths of science. Some of the great universities, by their magnificent liberality, have placed their sons in positions far above the perplexities of mere subsistence. Taken out of the struggle for existence with unfettered hands and untrammelled sway, they in many instances are working out those problems which will enable the physician to triumph over ills with which his present armamentarium is unable to cope.

Is it too much to expect that in the very near future some monument of fame greater even than that of a Jenner, or a Koch, or a Lister, shall yet be reared, and that ere the last sands of the nineteenth century have run out, that the profession may cope not unsuccessfully with that much-dreaded disease, tuberculosis, commonly called consumption. The tubercular bacillus has been found. Thanks to that great investigator, Dr. Koch, we know something of the origin, propagation and prevention of tubercular disease. And though an over-anxious profession, and a still more over-anxious public, caused a too precipitate publication of remedies by the investigator, yet professional and lay generosity will not allow that to detract from his fame. I am glad to know that in this province some recognition is made for original investigation. The medical department of the Western University is not jealous of state aid. Would that the province could see its way to more encourage ' original investigation, and to provide for the entire devotion of some of her sons to scientific work. Thus would the stream of knowledge flow on, and the resources of the profession be augmented, and our facilities for getting good, and doing good, multiplied.

London, Ont.

"THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

There is nothing new under the sun :
  There is no new hope or despair ;
The agony just begun
  Is as old as the earth and the air.
My secret soul of bliss
  Is one with the singing stars,
And the ancient mountains miss
  No hurt that my being mars.

I know, as I know my life,
  I know, as I know my pain,
That there is no lonely strife ;
  That he is mad who would gain
A separate balm for his woe,
  A single pity and cover ;
The one great God, I know,
  Hears the same prayer over and over.

I know it, because at the portal
  Of heaven I bowed and cried,
And I said : "Was ever a mortal
  Thus crowned and crucified ?
My praise Thou hast made my balm ;
  My best Thou hast made my worst ;
My good Thou hast turned to shame ;
  My drink is a flaming thirst."

But scarce my prayer was said
  Ere from that place I turned ;
I trembled, I hung my head,
  My cheek, shame-smitten, burned ;
For there, where I bowed down
  In my boastful agony,
I thought of Thy cross and crown—
  O Christ ! I remembered Thee.

—"*Five Books of Song*," *The Century Company.*

THE STRUCTURE OF THE STELLAR UNIVERSE.

BY THOMAS LINDSAY.

Of the many as yet unsolved problems presented to the student of nature, there are several which so effectually elude all attempts at solution that the world of science is in nowise ashamed to acknowledge complete failure in research. Others there are, which, though they may not be successfully attacked in our generation, it is felt must ultimately yield to human energy of intellect. No question regarding physical phenomena can be properly investigated except by experimentation of one class or other; the train of reasoning leading to a geometric truth is simply a series of experiments, questions asked of nature; they are as truly such as the processes of chemistry which determine the composition of water.

Remembering, then, that nature never did and never will refuse to answer a question properly put, the whole difficulty in solving any problem consists in learning just how to interrogate. When, after centuries of questioning, our knowledge is no greater than at first, and nature seems to fairly mock our puny efforts, we may well be discouraged; but when every step seems to give us firmer footing than the one preceding, when one experiment seems to suggest another, and all tend to lead in the same direction, there is reason to hope for final success. Such encouragement has the astronomer met in the study of the one great problem of his science, and he hopes that some day another will be added to the noble list of triumphs already gained, one more of nature's inmost secrets be laid bare, and man read in the heavens—the structure of the stellar universe.

When science was young the astronomer was content to name the stars and group them into figures, to consider them as points of light, placed at no great distance from the earth, and fixed in a sphere of their own. In the sixteenth century Tycho Brahe discovered that the whole diameter of the earth's orbit could not be compared at all with the distance of the stars; early in the eighteenth century Edmund Halley announced that the stars were not fixed, and sidereal astronomy began.

The first important advance made in this branch of the science was the discovery that the law of gravitation, announced by Newton to be universal, did really extend to the starry heavens, and that in binary systems, star revolved about star, in obedience to the identical law which expresses the relations between the planets and the sun. In 1767, Michell communicated his views in support of this theory to the Royal Society, and now our catalogues contain references to scores of stars, not merely optically double, but physically connected, their periods and distances apart being determined with very great exactness. This much known sidereal astronomy seeks to learn how far the stars are from our sun, in what directions they are moving, and whether they form a system.

If we look upon the starlit heavens the first impressions we receive are, that the number of glittering gems is practically countless, that they are fixed in position and are scattered irregularly over the concave vault around us. If we consider the number visible in great telescopes, it is useless to attempt to count; but the great catalogue of the British Association contains

certainly every star visible to the keenest eye, in both hemispheres, and records the positions of 8,377. This, then, we may regard as the number of suns that compose our own stellar system, apart from the Milky Way, which must be considered by itself; the number for every one of which we must learn the distance and proper motion, before we can pass judgment upon the question of whether they form a system as we usually understand the word.

Here, then, is one of the unsolved problems of science; there are the glittering suns, here are our observatories and instruments of marvellous refinement, our self-sacrificing and devoted lovers of the grandeur and beauty of nature, and—time is before us.

We find in our text-books a very goodly list of individual stars whose distances are given more or less confidently; but if we ask the astronomer, who, be he ever so willing to advance his science, does so only step by step and with the utmost care, how much reliance exact astronomy places upon these measures, we learn that in all but a single case they are to be received with extreme caution, and in that one case the plus or minus error is a distance over which light requires half a year to travel.

At first this appears not very encouraging, but we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the masters of the most sublime of all the sciences do not wish to force upon the lay mind anything that cannot be rigorously substantiated. Moreover, to receive anything cautiously does not mean to reject it, and the observations upon stars for the determining of their distances frequently result in such data that we may reasonably conclude they are within such and such limits, and further, may fix an average distance for the brightest stars, which will at least serve as a working hypothesis to be applied in further consideration of the depths of the stellar universe.

On these lines, then it is very generally admitted that a distance corresponding to twelve years of light travel may be taken as the average distance of a first magnitude star. The star to which we have alluded, *Alpha-Centauri* (not seen in these latitudes), is about four years of light travel from us, but this orb is exceptionally near, if that expression can be applied to a distance which it is quite useless to endeavour to form a conception of as our terrestrial measures go.

Grant now the astronomer the above assumed average, and two other assumptions, and the depths of the starry heavens that contain the British Association stars are revealed. We have but to name these two assumptions, however, and even the casual observer will think them somewhat bold. Daring they are, yet they can be in a large measure supported by careful observation and by a mathematical test of a certain kind. The assumptions are, first, that the stars are of equal intrinsic brilliancy and volume, and secondly, that they are evenly distributed throughout space.

It will be more interesting to go on from this point than to discuss the correctness of these terms in the problem; we can do that at leisure.

Astronomers have classified the stars according to brightness or magnitude. This work is being constantly revised and is prosecuted by the aid of instruments of special construction, care being taken that the observers are of those whose vision is normal. Those of us who can scarcely see a star of the fourth magnitude would hardly do for this class of work, nor indeed would those of exceptionally keen sight. The standard for magnitude is the brightness of a star just visible to the unaided eye; this is sixth in the scale, and the magnitudes range

above and below in geometric progression, the common ratio being about two and a half; so that it will be found that an average first-magnitude star is one hundred times brighter than one just visible

Now experimental philosophy teaches that light is a radial force, and every such force must diminish as the square of the distance increases, so that from a glowing point a mile away we receive not twice, but four times the light we would receive from a similar source two miles away. Then between the average first and the lowest recorded in the British Association Catalogue we have a range of eight magnitudes, which, applying the ratio, means that a star of the eighth is 625 times fainter than one of the average first order of brightness. And with no more intricate calculation than extracting the square root, of this last number we have our tiny star, twenty-five times farther away than our typical star of the first magnitude.

Three hundred years of light travel! Before the immortal Newton was born, before the telescope was known, the rays by which we see that little orb left their source, and they bring us now a message telling that the forms of matter through and by which we grasp phenomena are the same on the very confines of eternal space as here at our feet; a message telling with irresistible force of the unity of design in nature and bidding us doubt if we dare the omnipotence of the Designer. It will be seen now that, granting the same intrinsic lustre and equal size for all stars, the above result must be correct. But it is not intended that the student should unreservedly accept what is based on a bold assumption. One test is readily applied. If we use "light-year" as a linear measure it will be found that the vast sphere of three hundred radius is large enough to contain many more stars than are catalogued, and at distances apart exceeding the assumed distance of a first magnitude star. Again we may determine the solid contents of each shell, so to speak, as we advance from order to order and compare the ratio with actual count of stars from magnitude to magnitude.

This has been done by Prof. Hugo Gylden, employing the great Argelander catalogue, and for the northern hemisphere the ratios correspond fairly well. This, however, could not be accepted as more than a coincidence, without further proof. We have no means of knowing the volume and intrinsic brightness of the stars (though for some these have been very approximately determined), but considering the great predominance of the white stars it has been, very reasonably we think, assumed that the intrinsic lustre does not vary greatly.

Such in brief outline is the hypothesis that enables us to form some conception of the distribution of the stars. It will be found that a mental picture of the stellar universe can be very readily formed if we consider the "light-year" as the unit, without troubling about the linear distance it represents. And it is to be noted that the above result gives a greater depth than was announced by Gylden in his original memoir on this subject. We are, therefore, tolerably safe in sweeping the radius of three hundred around our own solar system.

The next step is to learn the connection existing among the stars and their motions. Evidently we can do nothing with the former question until we investigate the latter. This work is being prosecuted at all the great centres of the science, with, in some cases, very great success, but in others with total failure. The direction in which our own sun is moving, and its velocity, are very approximately known; the motion of a star in a

direct line to or from us is determined by a method easy to understand; but the motion athwart the heavens, demands, for any star, years of the most accurate observations and the utmost care in reducing them.

In the spectrum of a star at rest the lines will occupy the same position as those of the elements to which they are due, when the latter are volatilized and viewed in the laboratory. A given line occupies a certain place because the light wave which produces it has a certain rapidity of vibration; upon this depends the colour; so many waves enter the eye in a second and red is the sensation produced; still more and yellow is the impression made upon the eye. If then a particle causes vibrations of a certain number to enter the eye, that number would clearly be less or more according as the particle would be moving away from or towards us; so that the "line" or image of the slit upon the spectrum would in one case be shifted from its normal position towards the region of slow (comparatively) vibration, that is, towards the red, and in the other case be shifted towards the violet.

It is one of the triumphs of spectroscopy that the motion in the line of sight has been determined for many stars; and it is no less a triumph for the micrometer that the very small angular displacement in the heavens due to motion across the sky has been measured in many cases; but what remains to be done can only be accomplished after centuries of observation as careful as any of which the present century can boast. The line of work is, however, clearly defined, and what is at present an unsolved problem seems to require only time for its solution.

At this point we can speculate on what may be yet discovered. It is certain that no star can have a rectilinear or straight-forward path in the strict geometric sense; the gravitating influence of other bodies is effective, however small it may be, and must turn even the swiftest moving and most massive star out of a straight line. But where the distances between the stars are so immense this departure from rectilinear motion must be almost infinitesimal, and the influence that might bend the path of a star into an orbit seems wanting altogether.

It may be found, then, that the orbs in our stellar system are not as a vast group physically connected, but that, influenced in a very small degree by each other, they pursue paths quite erratic. Assuming, however, that the contrary is the case, then the following phenomena must be observed as our work goes on: If our solar system is anywhere near the centre of a great ball of suns revolving in stately order around the heavens then the proper motion of a star must be in a direction given by its position; stars in opposite quarters of the sphere must be moving in opposite directions. If we are on the outskirts of such a ball then the stars between us and the centre must be moving in one direction while those beyond the centre must be moving in the opposite. We should expect, then, a difference in direction according to the magnitudes of the stars. In any case, if our stellar universe is a system, there must be so much regularity that hundreds of stars will be moving in one direction, while, this being known, the directions of others can be predicted. In point of fact, however, there is nothing to justify, at least at present, any such assumption as this. It is for the astronomers of the coming centuries to tabulate the motions of the multitude of stars in the catalogue, and hand down something more than a mere opinion as to whether they move in mighty orbits or rush from infinity into infinity, passing through

all orders of growth and decay as they pursue their aimless paths.

The most difficult fact to be accounted for is the very high velocities with which some of the stars are endowed. The more we study this, the more we are convinced that the final secret of the stellar universe is bound up in this question. The hypothesis that will explain the origin of these tremendous velocities will make every other question clear. The line of work to be followed in searching for this secret is to determine whether these velocities are accelerated or retarded, or rather the amount of the variations, because, accepting the law of universal gravitation and the laws of motion, it follows that neither direction nor velocity can be absolutely constant.

We have thus some idea of a mighty problem still unsolved but seeming to invite research on every hand; nature answers readily the questions asked by the spectroscope, the telescope, delicate measuring instruments, and mathematical analysis. She seems to throw obstacles in the way but only to test man's ingenuity, and not one year passes but something is added to the general stock of knowledge. The structure of the starry heavens is in fact a *physical* problem; we do not seek to learn the *origin* of physical laws; we do not suffer rebuke as when searching for the unknowable; we accept the physical laws as the fiat of the Creator and seek to learn how to apply them.

Astronomy was the first of the sciences, her place is still undisputed among them; we have no reason to believe that man will ever cease in his efforts, smiled upon by nature herself, to fathom the stellar depths. When the last man on earth yields up his life in the vain endeavour to find a sheltering spot upon some, now arid, then snow-clad plain, his last thoughts will be of the grandeur of Nature and the eternal constancy of her laws.

TORONTO.

THE CHRISTIAN'S COURSE.

THE Christian runs at dewy morn
'Mid balmy airs and zephyrs bland
And sights that captivate and lure—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand!

The Christian walks at broad noon-day,
When fervid heat makes faint the land;
He fain would turn aside for shade—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand!

The Christian stumbles when the dusk
Of twilight wraps the waiting land,
The dim light cheats the straining eye—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand!

The Christian gropes his way along
When night has settled on the land
And blotted out his onward path—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand!

The Christian's path leads oft 'mid thorns
That sting the flesh like burning brand,
And, strewn upon it, pierce his feet—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand!

Ofttimes his path leads up steep hills
Rock-strewn and rough - a weary land,
Where chasms yawn and cliffs o'erhang—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand!

And oft it leads him through the waste—
A trackless stretch of blistering sand,
Where thirst consumes and heat prostrates—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand.

And oft it leads through treacherous bogs,
That all his watchful care demand
To keep from sinking down, engulfed,—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand!

Sometimes his path is lined with flowers,
Shedding rare fragrance o'er the land,
While far and near the scene is bright—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand!

At last it winds adown the vale
That borders Death's mysterious strand,
Where darkness veils vague terrors weird—
O, Loving Friend, hold fast his hand!

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

BY REV. A. C. CREWS.

MEDICAL MISSIONS are a comparatively modern development of missionary enterprise. The first medical missionary society was formed in the city of Edinburgh, in the year 1841, with the celebrated Dr. Abercrombie as president, and Rev. Dr. Chalmers as vice-president. Dr. Abercrombie first became interested in this work through the influence of Rev. Peter Parker, M.D., a medical missionary from America, who had laboured with much success in China for a number of years. During a short visit to Edinburgh, he was the guest of Dr. Abercrombie, who listened with great attention to the accounts given by Dr. Parker of his experiences as a missionary physician among the Chinese. As a result, a few friends were invited in to hear Dr. Parker's story, and to consider the advisability of forming an association in Edinburgh for the purpose of promoting medical missions.

The society was organized, and has ever since continued to be an influential agent in promoting and extending this department of Christian work in various parts of the world. At first, considerable prejudice existed in the minds of many Christian people in regard to the aims and methods of the society. One mission board, in answer to the application of a promising medical missionary student, for an appointment, sent the following official reply: "It is not our province to send out and support medical men in charge of dispensaries and hospitals, in our mission fields. Our agents are sent forth to preach the Gospel to the heathen."

Such a reply indicates a complete misconception of the nature and objects of medical missions. They were organized, and continue to exist for the purpose of evangelizing the heathen; this is the first and foremost object that is never lost sight of. The main business of the medical missionary is to do the work of an evangelist, and he claims to be as much a missionary as the ordained preacher.

"The History and Progress of Medical Missions," by John Lowe, F.R.C.S.E., is a most interesting work, full of information, and full of inspiration as well. Some of its chapters read like romance. Having spent several years upon the mission field himself, Dr. Lowe knows whereof he speaks, and is well qualified to give information on this subject.

This medical missionary work has steadily grown, until now almost every missionary society in the world looks upon the medical department as one of the most important branches of evangelistic effort. Medical missions are founded upon the example of Christ and His apostles. Our Lord not only preached the Sermon on the Mount, but He mingled with the people, sympathized with the suffering, fed the hungry, healed the sick, and continually went about doing good. In the ninth chapter of Matthew we are told that, "Jesus went about all the cities, and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people." This is exactly the work of the medical missionary; he aims at combining care for the body with the healing of the soul.

It seems strange that the example of our Lord, and that of His apostles, should not have suggested to the promoters of modern missions a similar plan of working from the very commencement. The first missionary efforts were, however, con-

fined to the preaching of the Gospel, and perhaps wisely so, as even this met with strong opposition.

The value of medical missions as a pioneer agency in preparing the way for the preaching of the Gospel cannot be overestimated. As a means of overcoming prejudice, and gaining access to the heathen, these missions have done wonders.

As everybody knows, the ordinary missionary meets with almost insuperable obstacles. Ignorance, superstition, fanaticism, caste, social habits, either singly or combined, oppose his work, and sometimes render all his efforts futile; while to the missionary-physician all doors are open, suspicion is allayed, and prejudice is disarmed. Many have listened to the Gospel for the first time, from the lips of the doctor to whom they have gone for the cure of the body, whose prejudice and enmity would have prevented them from accepting instruction from any other source.

Many interesting instances of this are related in Dr. Lowe's book. The Rev. Mr. Knapp, who laboured successfully for many years in Central Africa, with Dr. Haskell as his medical colleague, says:

"The greatest solicitude the missionary has is to get a hearing. Men will not come to him, nor will they receive him if he goes to them. Now the physician draws the people to himself. Men naturally care more for their bodies than for their souls, and in this country they have almost a superstitious regard for an educated physician. Many will come to him who would not think of visiting a simple missionary. So far as our observation goes, we can safely affirm that here the medical missionary has ten times more access to the people than the ordinary missionary."

The immense advantage of thus reaching the people can be seen.

Dr. Grant, who established a mission in Persia, writes to the secretary of the society whose agent he was:

"As I have witnessed the relief of hitherto hopeless suffering, and seen their grateful attempts to kiss my feet, and my very shoes at the door, both of which they would literally bathe with tears,—especially as I have seen the haughty Moolah stoop to kiss the garment of the despised Christian, thanking God that I would not refuse medicine to a Moslem, and others saying that in each prayer they thanked God for my coming, I have felt that even before I could teach our religion I was doing something to recommend it, and break down prejudices, and wished that more of my professional brethren might share the luxury of doing such work for Christ."

A truly wonderful work has been carried on by Dr. Varten in the hospital and dispensary at Nazareth. Out of 175 indoor patients treated during one year, there were 116 Moslems, twenty-nine Greeks, twenty Roman Catholics, and one Druse. During the same time, more than six thousand patients came to the dispensary for advice. Abdil Bazak, a Moslem from Genin, was admitted for cataract in both eyes. The operation was successful, and he left the hospital at the end of seventeen days with excellent sight. His gratitude knew no bounds. During his stay in the hospital he heard the story of Paul's journey to Damascus. At last the truth found an entrance into his heart, and his inner eye was opened to see his need of a Saviour. The last day he was in the hospital he said: "I did not come to Nazareth with a purpose like that of Paul when he went to Damascus, nor can I be the means of promoting as he did the fame of Jesus of Nazareth, but this I can say, I will love Him and speak well of His name all my life."

Mr. Lowe's book is full of similar instances, showing the great good accomplished by medical missions in various parts of the world.

Methods of work are very similar in different missions. The usual plan, where there is a hospital or dispensary, is for the physician to work with the ordained evangelist. Patients who come to be treated,

assemble every morning in the waiting-room, where a short service is held. The Word of God is read and expounded, and prayer offered. Then, while the patients are being examined one by one by the doctor, the evangelist, or native helper goes among the people, distributes tracts to those who can read, or reads and explains them to those who cannot read. These people are afterward sought out at their homes, and every effort made for their spiritual good.

The following account is given by Dr. Neve, of the method pursued by himself and his helpers in his medical mission in India:

"When the patients are gathered together, a hymn is sung, and afterward a short address is given. Avoiding any approach to controversy, they are told of the love of God, and of redemption, of Him who as man experienced the trials and toils of manhood, sounded the depths of poverty, and bore the strokes of persecution; of Him who comforted the sorrow-stricken, healed the sick, loved all men, and died for all men, and rose again. To all this, whether Hindu, Buddhist, or Mohammedan, they listen with interest, and in the petitions of the closing prayer many audibly join. Now begins the consulting and dispensing. The doctor registers the name, examines the patient, and writes the prescription, while two compounders are at work dispensing, and two more are at work in dressing. So the patients are passed through, receiving their medicines as they go—the serious cases receive an admission ticket into the hospital. At last after several hours' work, and after a glance through the wards, the day's work is over. Two days a week are reserved for operations, and for a closer inspection of the wards."

Patients are given to understand that the chief desire of the missionary is to benefit their souls as well as their bodies. In the mission dispensary all are free to come and go, and the Gospel is not forced upon them. It is, however, the testimony of nearly all medical missionaries that the reading and exposition of the Word have been listened to with attention, and gained an entrance to the hearts of many. It is impossible to accurately measure the good accomplished by these missions, as many of the patients are lost sight of, returning to their distant homes. It has been found, however, that many who have heard the Gospel in the hospital have taken away with them portions of the Word of God, and religious tracts, and thus the message of salvation has found its way into remote regions where the missionary could not personally visit.

Many cases of conversion have taken place within the walls of the hospital, and great numbers of others have received their first spiritual impressions from the preaching heard at the dispensary, but the sum total of good accomplished can never be known until the great day of final account.

In many of the missions native medical evangelists are employed and trained. They have been found to be very useful and skilful in the treatment of disease, and also faithful and zealous as evangelists. Their salary is very small, often not more than six or seven dollars a month, but several of them have, again and again, refused salaries double or treble what they were receiving as agents of the mission, rather than give up mission work.

One very strong reason why medical missions should be established is found in the lamentable ignorance on the part of the heathen as to the cause, treatment, and prevention of disease. It is usual among them to look upon all sickness as the work of evil spirits, and their methods of exorcising these spirits are cruel and painful beyond description. The system of medicine, such as it is, is usually associated with the religion of the people, and the treatment of disease is monopolized by the priests, or others under their control. As a consequence many converts to Christianity have gone back to

heathenish practices in time of sickness, and this is not to be wondered at, when we remember that the only person in the community who professes any knowledge of medicine is the unprincipled heathen doctor with his charms. Can the missionary blame them for availing themselves of the only help within their reach, particularly when the missionary authorities have failed to provide them with medical aid?

Medical science in India, China, and other heathen countries is in a deplorable condition, and the ignorance of the people is almost beyond belief. The usual way for a Chinaman to enter the profession of medicine is to procure a pair of spectacles with large bone rims, some grasses and herbs, an assortment of spiders, and a few venomous snakes, which he places in bottles in his shop window. Here is one of his prescriptions:

"Powdered snakes..... 2 parts.
Wasps, and their nests.. 1 part.
Centipedes..... 6 parts.
Scorpions..... 4 parts.
Toads..... 20 parts.

Grind thoroughly, mix with honey, and make into small pills. Two to be taken four times a day."

In cases of debility, the bones of the tiger reduced to powder and made into pills are administered as a tonic. They reason thus: the tiger is very strong, the bone is the strongest part of the animal, therefore a pill of this must be eminently strengthening.

Their medical books are based upon the theories of two thousand years ago, and of modern medical discoveries they are totally ignorant. They have no correct knowledge of the circulation of the blood, or of the action of the heart, lungs, or other organs. Almost every symptom is looked upon as a distinct disease. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the mortality is tremendous. When an epidemic breaks out the people die by hundreds.

The natives of the Friendly Isles are accustomed, in order to check a spreading ulceration or disease, to hack off the limb at a joint, working a sharp shell to and fro, and making a horribly jagged wound. In cases of delirium the patient is invariably buried alive. Among the natives of the South Pacific Isles, cutting is the universal remedy for every ailment. If pain is felt in any part of the body, an incision is made over the part "to let the pain out." The terrible condition of these people, in the face of disease or physical suffering, is a strong call for the Christian nations to send, along with the blessings of the Gospel, some of the benefits of medical and surgical science.

Much has been written about the degraded condition of women in heathen countries, and the disadvantages and hardships of their lot, shut up in harems and zenanas. For many years these women could not be reached by the Gospel. Dr. Duff, the celebrated missionary to India, before his death, thus pleaded for something to be done in the direction of zenana medical missions:

"Every educated person knows the peculiar position of Hindu women of the upper class, and how entirely they are secluded, and how, in their case, a male missionary might find no access to them. But if a female missionary knew something of medical science and practice, readily would *she* find access, and while applying her medical skill to the healing of the body, wou'd have precious opportunities of applying the balm of spiritual healing to the worst diseases of the soul. Would to God we had such an agency ready for work!"

The veteran missionary's prophecy has been fulfilled. In recent years much interest has been aroused on behalf of the women and children in the mission field, especially in Japan and India. Societies have been formed for the promotion of

this special department of service in connection with many churches. It is a gratifying sign that requests are coming in in large numbers for lady medical missionaries, and many young ladies are preparing themselves for such service. To the consecrated woman with a thorough medical training a great and effectual door of usefulness is opened.

Dr. Elmslie makes the following earnest plea for zenana missions:

"If Florence Nightingale, a thorough English lady,—being all that term implies—left home and friends, and went to Scutari, out of philanthropy, to nurse England's wounded and dying soldiers, surely other ladies who have it in their power should see no insuperable objections or difficulties in giving up home and going to India, to nurse and care for their needy and suffering sisters, *for Christ's sake.* At any rate India needs female medical missionaries; India will welcome them; India will bless them for their work; and many homes now dark will be lighted up through their labours with the knowledge of Him who is the light of the world."

The Countess of Ava, better known in Canada as the wife of our distinguished Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, has accomplished untold good by promoting medical mission work in the zenanas of Britain's great Indian empire.

Medical missions have certainly passed the experimental stage; they have been tested and tried, and found to be successful in almost every case. God has greatly owned and blessed this means of spreading His truth. While much has been accomplished the work is only in its infancy. In comparison with the need the supply of workers is meagre, as from every land is coming the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." A hundred or two of Christian physicians are able to touch only the fringe of the ignorance and suffering to be found to-day in heathen lands. Their ranks need to be greatly reinforced. Men who are willing to go with healing in one hand and the Gospel in the other, will find an extensive field of usefulness opening up before them.

Medicine in all civilized countries, is becoming an overcrowded profession. Every town and city in our land has a larger number of doctors than are actually necessary for the health of the community. On one street of five blocks in Toronto, the door-plates of thirty doctors may be counted. Our medical schools are turning out "young medicos" by the score and the hundred, and more and more difficulty is being experienced by these young men in finding suitable spheres in which to commence practice. It is to be hoped that many of them will turn their attention to the needs of their suffering brothers and sisters in the dark places of the earth, and in response to the Master's call, will be ready to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

In connection with our own Church in Canada, we have several able medical missionaries who are doing good work in Japan, China, and in our Indian work. It becomes us as a Church to stand by these noble men and women, and provide them with all that is necessary for the prosecution of their work. No part of our foreign missionary work will yield larger or more satisfactory returns. These men are certainly following out the command of the first great Missionary, who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature." And they are following it, too, in the methods which He adopted, for Luke tells us that when "He sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick, they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere."

HOW THE GABBITES CAME TO GULL COVE.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY GEO. J. BOND.

II.

Soon after the prayers had begun an elderly man had stepped into the room, and after looking on the scene with evident amazement for a few moments, had quietly closed the door and knelt down by the nearest chair. So absorbed had all the participants in the little prayer-meeting been, that no one had noticed his entrance. He now came forward with marks of emotion plainly visible on his face, and heartily greeted the strangers. "God bless ye! I say, too," he exclaimed. "I'm thankful to ye for prayin' with my poor sick wife. And now sit down an' take a spell. Here's our little maid, an' she'll soon have some tay ready. Ye're strangers here. Have ye come far?"

"We are from Twillingate, and came here this morning. My name is Martin, and I am a Wesleyan missionary, and this is my friend and brother, Mr. Joseph Jeynes, of Twillingate."

"Well, now. Ah! then ye're the Gabbites I heard the people talkin' about just now, as I come up the harbour. The wimmen was singin' out to one another, as if they'd seen a couple o' wolves. That's what Passon Black says ye be, anyway," he added, with a good-humoured laugh, "wolves in sheep's clothin'."

"Well," said the minister, with a smile, "I hope you haven't the same bad opinion of us."

"No; but maybe 'tis because I don't know as much about 'ee;" and he laughed again. "They tells queer stories about 'ee, I know. They says ye're death on the Church an' tryin' all ye can to lead the people astray. They says ye preach false doctrine, an' I don't know what all. But I'd like to hear 'ee for myself. You be goin' to preach here, bain't 'ee?"

"Yes; we came to hold a week or fortnight services, but we can't get a place to stop at; and I suppose unless we soon get one we'll have to sleep on board our boat and preach in the open air;" and the minister related the experience of the morning.

"Aye; so they wouldn't any of them let you in. Afraid of the agent, I reckon. I heard Mr. Brown, the clerk in the office, had been frightenin' people about havin' anythin' to do with the Gabbites if they should come. Don't know what business 'tis of his. He's afraid the people 'll buy less rum from 'em, I s'pose, and object more to his long charges, an' small price for fish. Pity but what they would, I says. I bain't afraid of 'em, anyhow."

"We called at your door to see if you would accommodate us," continued the minister, "but when we saw how ill your wife was, of course we gave that up and thought we'd just have prayer with her and move on further."

"I'm glad ye come. My poor wife bin lyin' sick for months and there hain't bin a prayer over her till this mornin', 'cept when I kneels an' reads a bit of a collec' over her. I'm glad ye come, an' I'm thankful to ye for prayin' for her. She bin a good wife to me these thirty-five year, an' I can't bear to see her sufferin' there;" and the man's voice trembled with emotion as he spoke.

"Edward," exclaimed the sick woman, who had remained silent during the foregoing conversation, "if the men will not mind puttin' up with the poor accommodations

we have, they might have the little maid's room, an' she could sleep at her mother's. There's a good big bed in that room, and they'd be comfortable. We haven't very grand food to give 'em, but the little maid is a good girl to bake, an' if they can put up with loaf an' fish an' tea, they'll be kindly welcome to the best we have. An'," she continued, doubtfully, "if you don't mind, the preacher might have service in this kitchen, an' then I could hear him myself. What say, Edward?"

"Well, my maid, if you'd like it and these men be willin', we'll do the best we can for 'em. They can have this room to preach in, an' welcome. 'Tisn't much of it, but it's one o' the biggest kitchens in the place, an' I'll knock together a few rough benches for the people. What do 'ee say, sir?"

"We will, indeed, be very thankful to you," said the minister. "You and your wife are more than kind in making us the offer under the circumstances, and if you think the trouble will not be too great for her in her weak condition, we will gladly avail ourselves both of your kind hospitality and of your offer to let us hold our services in this fine, large room."

"That's all right then, sir. Now, draw your chairs up and have a bit o' dinner, and then I'll go an' make some benches, and the little maid will run 'round an' tell the neighbours there'll be preachin' in our house this evenin'. I allow we'll have a houseful."

"You don't think the agent's threats will keep many away, then," said the minister, smiling.

"No, sir, not a bit of it. They didn't like to go agen him so far as to take ye in, but they'll come to hear ye fast enough. The news will soon spread, an' if I'm not mistaken you'll have the biggest part of the harbour comin' up here to-night."

So, indeed, it turned out to be. As the quiet of the autumn evening came over the little settlement, the people might be seen gathering from every quarter and making their way to the appointed place. For the most part there was upon their faces and in their manner the evidence of extreme curiosity, mixed with more or less of a feeling of awe, as if they were not sure what might happen. Many were quite jocular, and evidently were going, as they said, "just for fun," while not a few were plainly and unmistakably hostile, and even took pains to let their antagonism be known by sullen looks and muttered sneers.

The room soon filled, and the later comers were fain to take up positions within the bedrooms which opened off the main room, and on the steep stairway which led up to the "loft," till these, too, were filled in every available corner. Then the porch gradually became full, and the open door was surrounded with a group of the latest stragglers. It was a quaint but impressive picture. The sick woman lay upon the settle, her white, drawn features contrasting strongly with the ruddy faces of her neighbours gathered around. The fire had been allowed to go out in anticipation of the meeting, and the great open chimney framed a half-score of faces. In front of it was placed a table for the preacher, and on its clean, white cover rested an old-fashioned Bible, with a tallow candle in a brass candlestick burning on each side of it. All around the table, in the semi-darkness of the rest of the apartment, sat the people, awaiting now with eagerness the commencement of the service. They were not kept long in suspense. Promptly at the hour, as it struck on the old-fashioned clock in the corner, the preacher arose from his chair and knelt for a few minutes by the white-covered table. Then standing up, he opened his hymn-book and gave out slowly and distinctly the hymn he had chosen. It was the

first in the Wesleyan hymn-book, the familiar and exultant one beginning:

> "O for a thousand tongues to sing
> My great Redeemer's praise."

"My friends," he said, "this is a very beautiful hymn, though it is probably unfamiliar to you, and as you have no hymn-books and perhaps do not know either words or tune, Mr. Jeynes and I will sing it over first, and then you will all rise and we will try it together."

This was accordingly done, the congregation sitting in eager attention as the fine, clear voice of the missionary rang out the grand hymn. It was sung to a lively air, now well known, but then entirely new to his congregation—an air scarcely classic, but making up for its deficiencies in other respects by a rhythm and cadence at once striking and easily learned. At the end of each verse the two friends joined their powerful voices in the chorus:

> "O, the blood of Jesus, the precious blood of Jesus,
> O, the blood of Jesus, it cleanses from all sin;"

and long ere the verses had all been sung through, the congregation, or at least the more venturesome of them, had caught up the refrain, and with feet and voices were accompanying the singers. Then as the preacher read out the hymn two lines at a time, and again began the singing, all arose and joined in with the verses, and especially with the simple and rousing chorus, till the room fairly rang with the rough but rhythmic melody. A short, earnest prayer followed, a prayer for the present manifestation of the saving power of God, in which, as one of his hearers subsequently remarked, "it seemed as if he talked to the Almighty as bein' right close to us there, in that room." Then the preacher opened the big Bible which lay before him, and turning to the fifteenth of Luke, read with much earnestness and many pauses for appropriate comment, the parable of the prodigal son. Another hymn followed, this time "Rock of Ages," caught up speedily as the preceding one had been by the quick-eared and music-loving people; and then the missionary gave out his text. It was taken from the chapter he had just read: "This man receiveth sinners." It was with a thrill in his heart and a tender inflection in his voice that the young man looked around the crowded and dimly-lighted room, and repeated again and again the words of his text: "This man receiveth sinners." Then in quiet conversational tone he showed how this accusation and reproach made against Jesus by His bitter enemies, really conveyed the most blessed truth concerning Him. He pointed out first the awful character and the awful results of sin, its guilt separating a man from God, its power enslaving him in toils from which it was impossible to escape; he drew a terrible and graphic picture of sin as a disease, destroying the life of the soul and impossible of self-cure; he dwelt on the universality of guilt, and consequent helplessness and danger, and appealed to the consciences of his hearers in proof of his solemn and searching statements. As he argued and appealed, his voice became louder, his language more rapid and impassioned, his whole manner more impressive and awe-inspiring, till he almost seemed to the more impressible among his audience, as he stood there in the one lighted spot in the room, his eye flashing and his whole frame apparently dilated with the intensity of his fervour, like some visitant from another world, commissioned of God to declare His judgments unto men.

Then, turning suddenly to the next head of his discourse, he showed in the most winning tones the design and work of Christ in coming into

the world—to save sinners. He spoke of His unspeakable love, of His atoning sacrifice, of His ability and His willingness to forgive and to cleanse all who came to Him, of the freeness and fulness of His invitation to the lost to come to Him, and to come just as they were. With unspeakable pathos, with a voice whose tones were rendered tremulous by the intensity of his emotion, he pictured the world's Saviour as waiting, longing to receive sinners, any sinners, all sinners, that He might save them and bring them to be like Himself.

Finally, he appealed to the people before him, and amid a silence that was breathless he pressed the thought home to their individual experience. "'This man receiveth sinners,'" he cried; "has He received you? Have you come to Him for forgiveness, for cleansing, for His Holy Spirit to change and sanctify your hearts, to make you able to lead a new life, because you have a new heart, and new purposes, and new hopes, and new strength? O my friends," he continued, "Jesus the Saviour is here now. He is in this room at this moment, waiting to welcome, waiting to forgive, waiting to receive and accept every one who will come to Him. You cannot see Him, I know, but that makes no difference. 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name,' he says, 'there am I in the midst of them.' So He is here, here in the midst of us, with His wounded hands outstretched and His loving eyes fixed on each one of us, and His voice calling to each, as in the days when He was on earth, 'Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest.' Sad one, weary one, restless one, listen to His loving invitation. 'This man receiveth sinners;' He will receive you. Who will come to Him here and now? Who will say from the bottom of his heart, 'Jesus, my Saviour, I come to thee'?"

A solemn hush followed the minister's earnest words. Every eye was fixed upon him, and one might almost hear the tumultuous throbbing of the people's hearts as the Divine Spirit moved upon the awed assembly. It was but for a few moments, and then the strained silence was broken by a thin, weak voice, which fell upon the tense feelings of the listeners with startling effect.

"I see it, I see it clearly now! My blessed Saviour! I do come to Him and He receives me now. He saves me now. He forgives me now. 'Tis true! 'Tis all true what the preacher have told us. 'This man receiveth sinners!' Glory to God! He have received me!"

It was the voice of the sick woman on the settle in the chimney corner. She had risen into a sitting posture, with her arms outstretched towards heaven, her eyes wide open as though she saw the Saviour whom her faith so blessedly embraced, and her pale face glowing with a radiance and a rapture utterly indescribable.

"I got what I bin longin' for," she continued, "I got what I bin seekin' for months. I didn't think it could be found on earth, but it can, it can. I'm not afraid to die now; Jesus have saved me. 'Tis true what you told me this mornin', Mr. Martin. I know it now, I know it now; Jesus have forgiven all my sins. Glory to His holy name! O neighbours, come to Him, come to Him now. He will save you as He have saved me."

The effect of these words, and of the appearance of the speaker, was overwhelming. The husband of the afflicted woman bowed his grey head on his hands and wept silently, while all over the room sobs and open, unrestrained crying showed how deeply and universally the congregation were affected. The minister alone remained calm amid the general emotion.

"My friends," he said, "God has shown to you from the experience

of one of yourselves how willing He is to forgive; how sure are the truths of His holy Word. Before I ask Brother Jeynes to offer prayer and to thank God for His mercy to our sick sister, are there not some others who feel their need of forgiveness and who would like to be prayed for? If so, will they just hold up their hands?"

Several hands went up, among them that of the owner of the house, then at the minister's call, his companion led the awed assembly in prayer. Who that has heard a Newfoundland fisherman's prayer, when his heart was full of spiritual fervour and his lips touched with fire from heaven's altar, has not been struck with the marvellous energy, wealth of appropriate expression and Divine unction which characterized it, albeit the utterer of the petition were rough, uncultured and homely in phrase and manner in ordinary converse.

Imagine, then, the amazement with which that congregation heard, for the first time in their lives, a prayer from one of their own class—and such a prayer—for Joseph Jeynes was a man of no ordinary mould, and his whole soul was now being poured forth in agonized entreaty for these seeking souls especially, and for this place, to which he had accompanied his minister out of the purest and most exalted love for God and men. Kneeling with his body raised to its full height and his powerful voice making the very walls ring, as the tide of his emotion swept him along, he lifted the seekers before God, in such simple phrase, with such compelling and infectious faith, that some of them broke out into expressions of personal trust and glad deliverance before his prayer was concluded, while some who had up till then remained apparently unmoved, began to cry aloud for mercy. Dismissing the general congregation with the benediction, the missionary invited all who had found the Saviour and all who were still seeking Him to remain for private conversation and prayer; and for half an hour longer the sound of prayer and praise went up from the humble room, now the spiritual birthplace of more than half a score of souls, and destined to be remembered by many more as the spot of all the earth most sacred to them.

When, at length, the last lingerers had been affectionately dismissed, the weary but happy minister grasped the hand of his host and burst into an exultant expression of thanksgiving. "Ah, sir," said the latter, in his quaint way, though the tears of gladness were pouring down his face like rain, "Ah, sir, the Bible do say somethin' about entertainin' angels onawares. That's what missus an' me have done for sure to-day, an' our angels took the shape o' two Gabbites from Twillingate. Well, thank the good Lord for what He've adone for my poor wife an' me. He've atook our sins away, an' He've agiven us new hearts an' new happiness. Praise His blessed name for ever an' ever."

"Aye, my dear friend," responded the minister, "surely salvation is come to this house. Truly the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Let us pray and have faith that many another home in Gull Cove may be as happy as this one, before the week is out."

On the morrow there was a great stir throughout the little settlement. The reports of the meeting and its results had spread far and wide, and it was the general topic of conversation wherever people met. Most extraordinary stories were told of the proceedings. "Skipper Ned Byles' wife—the sick woman—had gone clean crazy," so it was averred in some quarters, "an' old Skipper Ned himself had been most as bad—sarve 'em right for havin' anythin' to do with they cracked Gabbites. Aye, an' they wasn't the only ones

that had made fools of theirselves. There was others had bin groanin' an' prayin' an' carryin' on—Mary Strong, an' Jane Starks, an' two o' Joe Studley's maidens. An' not only women, mind you, but men like Bill Adams an' his brother John, an' old Dick Bowers, an' young George Noble. You don't mind women bein' taken up wi' the likes of it, but they men ought to 'a had more sense. An' the praycher had said terrible things about the Church—all they Gabbites do."

Perhaps the two most uncompromising enemies of the movement were the agent and Aunt Betsy Snow. The latter's tongue seemed edged with steel, so sharp were her criticisms of the folly of the "meetin'ers" and so biting her sarcasm about "this 'ere convarsion." As for the agent, he fairly foamed at the mouth with rage when he learned that the hated Gabbites had not only got a footing in the harbour, but had actually had a meeting and were going to stay a week. He had happened to be away the day the strangers arrived, and so did not know of their being in the place till he was met the morning after with the news of what he called, with a dreadful oath, their "ranting meeting." He paced up and down the wharf in a furious passion, alternately swearing at the ranting Gabbites and threatening all sorts of things on any of his dealers who had anything to do with them. He even went the length of sending for Skipper Ned Byles and taking him roundly to task for allowing them shelter and permission to have service in his house, but came out of that little matter considerably chopfallen.

"He began swearin' an' threatenin' me for takin' 'ee in," said Skipper Ned to the minister, afterwards, "but I told 'en quietly that I didn't owe him any money, that my house was my own, an' that as it was a free country I intended to please myself. Then he quieted down a bit an' begun to argy wi' me that as a good Churchman I ought not to encourage them that was abusin' an' tryin' to pull down the Church of God. I said I never heard 'ee say one word agen the Church, but I had heard 'ee preach the Gospel accordin' to Scriptur'. And then, sir, blessed be God, He give me courage to tell what a sinner I had felt myself, an' how Jesus had received me an' forgiven all my sins. He didn't laugh, not one bit; he looked frightened like, an' his face got as white as anythin'. I told him I thought the same as him onct, but I seen better now. So he said no more an' I come away."

The following night the meeting was packed. Every available space was filled long before the service commenced, and crowds gathered around doors and windows. There was some show of opposition, before the meeting opened, from a small gang of the baser sort, well primed with rum, who kept on the outside of the house and sought to interfere with those who were going in, but a determined word or two from the master of the house, backed by the evident sympathy of several other men present, very soon quieted them, and they slunk away to make night hideous at some safe distance with their unearthly hootings and yells. So the meeting proceeded without interruption. The minister's appeals were listened to with breathless interest, and when, after the sermon, he called upon those who had found the Saviour to testify as to the blessing they had received the night before, twelve persons arose, one after the other, and clearly and simply bore witness as to the blessed change which had passed upon them. It was a sight to see the faces of that little company, as their own friends got up before them and joyfully told of their newfound pardon and peace. Antagonism, astonishment, awe, conviction,

longing—all these flashed in turn over the faces of the listeners, and when, after all had testified, the minister urged them to instant decision, a wave of spiritual power seemed to bow the hearts of the people as the corn bends before the summer breeze. From every part of the room came responses to the invitation, and ere the meeting closed several more had been added to the band of rejoicing converts.

And thus the meetings went on night after night, with continued interest and continued success. Opposition continued to manifest itself in various ways, but it had little effect in influencing either the attendance at the services or their spiritual results. Indeed, many of the early opposers were now warm friends and zealous helpers, and apart from the natural excitement of intense earnestness, the meetings had been conducted so quietly and with such evident decorum and propriety, that the mouths of all but the bitterest gainsayers had been stopped.

Even the agent had very little to say towards the close of the fortnight, though it was plain he liked the thing no better than at first. He had stopped swearing at it, however, and did not even reply when the book-keeper looked up from his work to say slyly, "We didn't manage to keep them out, sir, after all." The book-keeper said afterwords that the only answer was a queer, startled look.

So it came to the last meeting. Mr. Martin had arranged the converts into classes, appointed the leaders, and made provision for regular prayer-meetings to be held in the intervals of his visits, for he was to come as often as he could, himself. To-morrow he and his companion were going back to Twillingate.

The room resounded with the joyous hymns, now sung literally by heart, and sung with all the fervour of intense and happy emotion. One after another the converts bore glad testimony, one after another earnest prayers were offered for personal strengthening and for friends still undecided. The minister's address came last—a few words of wise and loving counsel to the newly-converted, a final and tender appeal to the undecided. There was a large response to this last and touching entreaty, and the minister was just about to ask all to kneel in prayer, when there was a confused noise at the outer door, and a woman was seen pushing her way determinedly into the room. It was Aunt Betsy Snow, her face working with uncontrollable emotion and her eyes full of a strange excitement.

"I want 'ee to pray for me," she cried breathlessly, when at length she had gained a place inside the room. "I said I wouldn't come near these meetin's, an' I never did. To-night I thought I'd come an' get up close outside the window an' hear what all the fools that was convarted had to say for theirselves. An' so I did, an' God showed me by that winda' there that 'twas I was the fool, an' not them. Oh, I bin so bitter. I bin sayin' such ter'bl things agen you people. I hated ye worse than anythin'. I thought ye was all deluded. But God have found me out. I thought I was all right, but I'm a poor, miserable sinner. Oh, pray for me, pray for me!" And bursting into an agony of tears, she threw herself on her knees beside the preacher's table.

CANSO, N.S.

Is there a timid, frightened child
Who shrinks at every sound?
Be sure that one will oftenest feel
The mother's arms around.

Lord, there are weak and timid ones
Amongst Thy children here;
For them the music of Thy voice—
"'Tis I, ye need not fear."

THE CRADLE OF UPPER CANADIAN METHODISM.

BY ALLAN ROSS DAVIS, C.E.

THE township of Adolphustown, beautifully located on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, midway between Kingston and Belleville, though one of the smallest municipalities in area in this Province, is by no means least in historical interest and importance. It was the first landing-place and the after home of some of the best-known of the United Empire Loyalist Pioneers of Upper Canada. Here they lived, died and were buried. Here their children were born, reared and educated, many of whom went out and in their turn became the hardy pioneers in other more inland settlements, where now are located some of our most thriving towns and cities. Here, too, the first regularly-organized Methodist class was formed, the first Methodist church was built, and the first Methodist camp-meeting was held. In years a little later on, it was here, at the memorable early Methodist quarterly-meetings and revivals, that settlers from many adjoining townships in the old Midland District had their spiritual birth-place, and they, in turn, were the instruments under God of planting Methodism "in the regions beyond," which are now counted among the oldest townships in Canadian Methodist history.

It was on the 16th of June, 1784, that the first landing of the United Empire Loyalists took place at Adolphustown. They came mostly from the State of New York, and were members of Major VanAlstine's company, in the British service during the American Revolution. When these Loyalists were expelled from their homes and their native land, and their property confiscated, after the war was over they started for Canada, where lands and future homes had been promised to them by the British Government. They came up the Hudson River, along through Lake Champlain, and wintered at Sorel, near Montreal. Next spring they started out with their small fleet of bateaux—rude, open boats—up the St. Lawrence, laboriously dragging their boats along the shores with long ropes, aided by poles in the boats, past the swifter portions of the river.

At Kingston they landed and rested a few days. It was then a small village of a score or so of houses. The fort on the point near by, which had been first built by the French and then occupied by the English, gave the place its importance. It owed much of its after success to the fact of its location at the head of the St. Lawrence and the foot of Lake Ontario, and the junction here, also, of the Rideau River. At that time one of the principal taverns is described as being a small, two-story building, with two large rooms below and a flat roof above.

Leaving Kingston the second week in June, the little company rowed their boats up the beautiful and quiet waters of the Bay of Quinte to "the Fourth Town," which had been assigned to that particular company. They landed at a point nearly opposite the now well-known "Lake of the Mountain," and had to wait awhile that the Government surveyor might so far complete his work that lots could be assigned to the head of each family. Daniel Cole, one of the refugees, had a much larger family than any of the others, and all recognized that his case was the most urgent. With true neighbourly kindness, it was unanimously agreed that he should

at once be allowed lot No. 1, which had been surveyed, and the others, while waiting, joined in to help him cut down some trees and erect the first of the small log houses. He had brought a scythe with him, and from a marsh near by rushes and tall grass were cut, with which the roof was covered. Others were erected after a similar model of "architecture."

The little township, with such beginnings a little over a century ago, has now become one of the finest and wealthiest farming townships in all the Dominion of Canada. Its present population is made up largely from the descendants of these hardy pioneers. They are an intelligent, enterprising, law-abiding people, such as would do credit to any locality in the world.

These early settlers, most of whom had been of the well-to-do and respectable class in their old homes, had a great fraternity of feeling and good neighbourhood among them. If any died, all felt the affliction; if any were sick, all willingly gave tangible evidences of their deep interest; if any were in want, which was by no means uncommon, then all seemed willing to share their little to help the distress. Many very affecting incidents are yet treasured in the locality of these early instances of neighbourly kindness.

Though all of them were a religious and intelligent people previously, they were four or five years resident in their new homes before they again heard the Gospel preached. Finally, in 1790, William Losee, a young man from the centre of New York State, who had been taken on trial as a young circuit preacher nearer home, came over to visit some of his relatives among these settlers. He preached to little gatherings of people in the rooms of the private houses here and there, and returned to his own Conference the next year with a written request, signed by most of them, that he or someone else should be sent to preach to them. A subscription paper was started for a new "chapel," to be built on Paul Huff's farm on the shores of the Hay Bay, which indented on the township between the third and fourth concessions. The subscription was signed by twenty-two persons, the amounts varying from £15 to £1 in money,* which were considered munificent sums then, and besides that, nearly all were willing to aid with work

* The subscription list to this first church has been carefully preserved and is still in existence. It bears date of Adolphustown, February 3rd, 1792, and goes on to state: "We do agree to build said church under the direction of William Losee, Methodist preacher, our brother who has laboured with us this twelve months past, he following the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or in his absence, under the direction of any preacher belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church in Great Britain or America, sent there by proper authority (such as the Bishop) to labour among us."

The subscribers were as follows (many of whose descendants to-day are found in the Methodist Church):

Paul Huff	£10	0	0
Peter Frederick	4	0	0
Elizabeth Roblin	12	0	0
William Casey	7	0	0
Daniel Steel	3	10	0
Joseph Ellison	£5	0	0
William Green	1	0	0
William Ruttan	10	0	0
Solomon Huff	2	0	0
Stophel German	2	0	0
John Green	3	0	0
Peter Ruttan	4	0	0
Joseph Clapp	5	0	0
John Binenger	1	0	0
Conrad Vandusen	15	0	0
Henry Hover	8	10	0
Casper Vandusen	2	0	0
Arra Fergusson	3	0	0
Daniel Dafoe	2	0	0
Andrew Embury	2	0	0
Henry Davis	4	0	0
William Ketcheson	2	0	0

Besides this nearly every one of the subscribers and other friends and neighbours turned in and helped in work. The lumber was all cut by hand with whip-saws. That $428 seems to have been all the money received or paid out.

and timber and the like, so that not much money was needed.

The new Methodist chapel, which was the first of the kind built in Upper Canada, was commenced in 1792 and enclosed, so far as clapboarding, roofing and flooring were concerned, and remained in that condition for some years, roughly-sawed boards being used for seats. It was not even heated, and often before being used in the winter time, quantities of drifted snow had to be shovelled out. Later on it was finished and painted. The original building was 30x32 feet, with a square roof and a gallery, and painted red. A few months later, a similar building was erected in Ernesttown, but it was torn away years ago to give place to a neat, modern, brick country church.

In about 1830, there was a considerable enlargement and remodeling of the old Adolphustown church. The side was taken out and an addition put on. A new roof of a different kind was put over. New seats and a new pulpit were put in, and it was newly painted. It stood then as its ruins stand to day. It was then, we believe, the largest and finest of its class in Upper Canada. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, who was then still in the vigour of his young manhood, preached the opening sermons. He had been one of the earlier preachers here, and William Ryerson was a regular "circuit rider" of the circuit at an earlier time.

In 1862, the old church was entirely abandoned as a place of worship, and a new one built on a concession further south, in order to better meet the convenience of the congregation; the old-time days, when roads were few and rough and when the water was the most convenient way of travelling, having passed away. The old building has been left standing, neglected and uncared-for, ever since. The principal timbers are all yet sound, but the roof and clapboarding are now getting so far decayed that all will crumble down in a few years if left as the building now is. Could not some arrangement be made to utilize these now historic timbers in the erection of some new building at Toronto or some important Methodist centre, where a model of the original building could be erected and utilized for some practical denominational purpose? The present site is now much out of the way and little frequented. Even the land on which it stands is being fast washed away by the waters of the bay. Whatever is done in this direction must be done soon, or it will be too late.

Not only was the old "chapel" used as a place of worship: it has seen service in other capacities. The first regularly-organized court held in this part of the Province was held in that venerable building. That was before any court-houses were erected at all available. It is reported that some of the trustees made strong objection to the house of God being made a den of thieves, but the historian is careful to explain that the good men had reference to the criminals being tried, and not to the lawyers who conducted the cases! It was two years so occupied.

Later, during the war of 1812-13, there were few buildings capable of sheltering the soldiers on duty along the Bay district, which was considerably exposed to invasions directly from the American side, and it was pressed into service for several winter months as a soldiers' barracks. It was also, in later times, a popular place for temperance meetings. Probably the first teetotal society organized in the county was in the old church. That was the advance step after the old-time "temperance" pledge, which permitted the use of wine and beer.

The first Methodist camp-meeting of which there is any record in

Upper Canada was also held in Adolphustown, and near the old church. That was in September, 1805. It was a memorable time in the early history of Canadian Methodism. Rev. Nathan Bangs, who afterwards became so noted in American Methodism as a preacher, legislator and historian, was then a young "circuit rider" in this Province, and attended that meeting. He left an interesting account of it, of the early preachers who attended and of the many conversions during the services. Camp-meetings were a popular means of grace in those early days, and members from all the adjoining townships, and from Prince Edward, Hastings and Addington counties attended. Several were afterwards held in other parts of the township—at Carnahan's Bay, Casey's Point and elsewhere.

It may be mentioned here that when Losee returned to his Conference in 1792 with the petition of these early settlers for a preacher to be sent, it was resolved to send one already regularly ordained. Rev. Darius Dunham was selected. He came on soon after, and it was not till after his arrival that the first class could be regularly organized. This was done on Sunday, February 20th, 1792, in Paul Huff's loghouse, which stood near where the new church was then being erected. This was before the building was ready for use. The following Sunday a class was formed at Col. James Parrott's house, on the shores of the bay ten miles nearer Kingston, and near here the second church was built, to which reference has already been made. Three days later Mr. Dunham preached at Samuel Detlor's house, about three miles south-east of where Napanee now stands, and formed the third class. This was on the day that Mr. Wesley died—a memorable day in the history of Methodism.

Mr. Dunham afterwards married one of the Detlor family, and as children began to come to them he found it necessary to give up the itinerant work. He procured a farm in "the Detlor neighbourhood," and lived and died there, for many years practising his profession as a physician, and preaching occasionally in the surrounding localities. He was buried in the burial-ground at the "Switzer chapel," five or six miles distant, but there is nothing now to denote that there lies the first ordained Methodist preacher in Upper Canada—a man who well served his Church, his day and his generation.

In Adolphustown, too, just two or three lots west of the old church, was built the first Quaker meeting-house in Upper Canada, the remains of which are still standing, much in the same state of dilapidation as its old-time contemporary. It was not built till later, and the date of its erection now seems lost. A very considerable proportion of the early settlers were Quakers, but the "Society" has at last all dwindled away. Philip Dorland, a resident of the township, who was elected for the district to the first Parliament of Upper Canada, in 1792, was a Quaker. He went to attend the first session, held in Newark, now Niagara, on the 17th of September of that year, but refused to be sworn, as it was inconsistent, he considered, with his Quaker principles, and so his place was at once declared vacant. He was succeeded by Major VanAlstine. Later on Thomas Dorland, another of the pioneers and a brother of Philip, was elected. He, too, was a Quaker, but was not so particular about taking an oath, or the authorities were not so particular about requiring it, for he sat during at least one Parliament. Later on Willet Casey, another Quaker and a near neighbour of the Dorlands, was elected and sat one Parliament. Still later Samuel Casey, his son, was elected. This was during the

exciting times in the thirties, which culminated in the McKenzie rebellion.

All these men, and many others —in fact, nearly all—of the first settlers were buried in the "United Empire Loyalist burial-ground," which lies near the original landing-place. It is said that while the little pioneer company were still camped together in their small canvas tents, awaiting the completion of the surveyor's work, a child died, and the burial-place was selected and long used for that purpose. It has been a good deal neglected since, and is not now used for burial purposes.

In 1884, a centennial celebration was held in the locality, attended by some thousands, many coming long distances to be present. A fund was then raised, and a very neat and respectable granite monument was afterwards procured, which now stands in the midst of those historic graves. It has on it a suitable inscription to their memory.

It must not be omitted here that the earliest Canadian days of Sir John Macdonald were also spent in Adolphustown. His parents emigrated from Scotland when he and his two sisters were young children. They procured a house on the adjoining lot, a few rods west of the old church, between it and the Quaker meeting-house. Here they kept a small country store, and in that old church they must have all worshipped during those years. They were Presbyterians, but there was never a church or congregation of that denomination in the township Here the children first went to school, and there are yet left some old inhabitants who were their schoolmates. Sir John always had a kindly remembrance of his boyhood days in Adolphustown, and sometimes visited the old locality. Perhaps no one had a better remembrance of the old church and of some of its early preachers and members.

In the old burial-ground, too, lies the body of Nicholas Hagerman, the first regular practising lawyer in Upper Canada. He was the father of the Hon. Christopher Hagerman, who was for years a prominent figure in Upper Canada public affairs, and the grandfather of the late Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Hon. J. B. Robinson, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, a lady well-known to many readers of these pages.

What wonderful progress has Methodism made in Canada since, a little over a hundred years ago, its first humble "chapel" was erected, since its first ordained preacher established his first class of eleven members in that small log dwelling-house! The little one has become a thousand, and the small one a great nation. Methodism in Canada has now its 3,211 churches, its 1,996 ministers, its 260,953 of members and adherents.

NAPANEE, Ont.

HE UNDERSTANDS.

WHEN beneath some weighty cross you faint,
And say, "I cannot bear this heavy load alone,"
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief which no one understands
Conveys a secret message from the King,
Entreating you to come to Him again.

The Man of Sorrows understands it well;
In all points tempted, He can feel with you.
You cannot come too often or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace;
His presence satisfies the longing soul;
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have a solitary way.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY RICHARD ROWE.

Author of "The Diary of an Early Methodist," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MONDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

THE master-smith for whom Jude worked found three of his journeymen missing on the Monday after Christmas.

"Confound the fellers!" he said. "I let you have the Saturday, because I knew you would take it if I didn't. That might have contented them. And *Waple* to be keeping St. Monday! I'd have bet any money *he* never went on the lush."

"Perhaps he broke out at Christmas," sneered Waspy, "and don't like to show now. That's the way with them Methodists. They can't take their spree and 'ave done with it, but waste ever so much more time in repentin' and bein' sick."

"Well, no one can say *you* ever spent much time in repentin', Waspy," said his mate, George Grimes, "though I'll be bound to say you've a deal more to repent of than old Jude."

"And it's all a lie about his bein' on the batter. I heard somethin' on Saturday about his bein' run over in the Commercial Road," said Alec Brown, the other journeyman. "I was goin' to his place to hear 'ow 'twas, but some'ow I forgot all about it."

"Well, if he was run over, he was drunk like yerself," again sneered Waspy.

"*You* needn't talk, Waspy," retorted Alec. "You're ready enough to drink when you can git anybody to stand treat. You keep sober for the most part because 'tain't orfen you can fall in with anybody fool enough to treat a cantankerous chap like you."

And then nothing more was said of Jude until the men were leaving work in the evening.

"I'm goin' to see what's up with old Jude," said Grimes.

"I'll go with you, George," said Brown.

"And I'll come with you too," said Waspy. "You'll soon see who's right."

As they drew near Jude's door, a young woman came out of it, and went down the court.

"That's a nice young woman for a moral family man to have in his house of an evenin'—ain't it?" whispered exulting Waspy.

"What do you know about nice young women, Waspy? No nice young woman would ever have anythin' to say to you, I'll go bail. Who is she?" growled Brown.

"Why, you fool, that's Jude's eldest girl standin' at the door."

"That 'oodn't matter. Birds of a feather."

Waspy had only got so far when George Grimes caught him by the collar, and shook him as a dog shakes a rat.

"Look 'ere, Waspy," grimly hissed George. "You say a word against *her*, and I'll show you what I'll do."

Waspy instantly held his peace. It was only because she was so weakly that Grimes had not asked Mary Waple to become his wife.

"Here's Mr. Grimes and his friends come to ask after you, father," said Mary, showing them into the bedroom, busying herself to find seats for them, and then snuffing the candle to brighten up the room.

"Sorry to see ye on your back, old feller," said Alec Brown.

"Downright sorry I am," said George Grimes.

"How did it 'appen?" asked Waspy.

"Thank ye all for comin'," gasped Jude.

"Father ain't so well to-night—he's been talkin' too much," said Mary.

"Then we'd better be goin'," said Alec Brown.

"But we haven't heard all about it," said George Grimes. "Your father needn't put himself out to talk," he added, turning to Mary. "I'm sure, if I'd known about it sooner, I'd have been here ever so long ago."

And then Mary told them how it had all happened.

"Good-bye, old chap, keep your spirits up," said Alec Brown, as they rose to go away; and, forgetting his condition, Alec shook Jude by the hand so heartily that the big blacksmith almost groaned.

Waspy looked disappointed at first, but soon put on a sneer which said plainly though silently,—

"*That's* as easy to sham as the rest of it."

When the three journeymen reached the mouth of the court, their way home divided. George had to go one way, and Alec and Waspy the other.

Presently Waspy said to Alec,—

"And you believe all that?"

"Don't you?"

"Well, as George ain't here domineering over me, I s'pose I may ventur' to say that I don't."

"Well, I do."

"Then, you're as great a fool as Grimes. Waple's a sly old humbug —that's *my* belief; and his daughter ain't much better. If he *has* broke his ribs, and I've my doubts about it, you may depend upon it that he was drunk, as I said. Don't it stand to reason that he wouldn't go riskin' that precious life as his psalm-singing daughter talked about, for a little beggar-brat that couldn't give him nothin'? And what about that gal that we saw come out? She's as bad a lot as you'd find between this and the river."

"Nobody minds what you say about anybody, Waspy," answered Alec. "You've got a bad word for everybody. Leastways *I* don't mind, but if you want to git your head broke, you'd better go an' tell George that Waple's a liar an' his daughter's as bad. You'd git an' answer you wouldn't relish, Waspy. As for the other gal, whatever she is, I think all the better on her for your runnin' on her down."

Below what might seem the lowest depth a lower is often found in London slums, and running out of Star Court there is a smaller oblong called Little Star Court, almost all the houses in which are low lodging-houses frequented by young thieves; a beetle-browed beershop, even dingier and more blackguardly than the Catharine Wheel, a hovel in which Lascars smoke opium, and a ruinous tenement, untenanted save by homeless vagrants, and propped up by timbers fast becoming rotten, are the other buildings in Little Star Court. Social distinctions are made far lower than we generally fancy: the Star Courtiers consider themselves infinitely more respectable than the Little Star Courtiers. Late one night Jude was passing the mouth of this Little Star Court when he heard a woman screaming "Murder!" and a man growling to his mate, "Kick her on the head, Ben, and settle her—nobody'll miss her." "Murder!" was by no means an uncommon cry in either Star Court: in neither was any very definite significance attached to it—it merely indicated that a row of some kind was in progress, and with the rows of Little Star Court Star Court, as a rule, never troubled itself. Jude was perhaps the only Star Courtier who would have thought of going into Little Star Court late at night, simply because a woman of whom he knew nothing was screaming murder. But, giving a shout, Jude did go in, and hardly had he entered before

two men rushed past him. He caught one by his flannel shirt, but "Knife him, Jack!" called out the one in front; and whilst Jude drew back for a moment to ward off the threatened stab, the rascal wriggled out of his clutch, and escaped.

In the middle of the court Jude found a woman moaning. When he had carried her into his own home, he found that it was a young woman, bleeding and shamefully battered. Having called up his daughter Mary to do what she could for the poor creature, Jude went to the nearest police-station to report. In process of time the police-surgeon's assistant came to dress the poor creature's wounds as well as he could, and next morning she was carried to the hospital, where both Jude and his daughter visited her. Those acquaintances of half a night were the only people who took any special interest in the lonely wretch. There was nothing exceptional in the circumstances under which she had received her injuries. Such scenes are common enough in the heathen holes with which our Christian metropolis is honeycombed.

The miserable girl was very grateful to Jude and Mary, and whilst she remained in hospital seemed determined to follow their advice, and begin a new life when she came out.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Perhaps the Star Courtier who held Jude in most reverence was Dot-and-go-one, a stunted, lame old man, who sold matches. Jude had more than once rescued the poor old fellow from the persecution to which he was exposed from those young imps, London street boys. All kinds of mischievous pranks the young fellows played upon him. Sometimes they tripped him up; at other times, dancing round him in a semicircle, with a wild war-whoop, they would make him trip himself up. Dot was a very irascible little man, and, when his passion was at boiling-point, he would forget that he needed his crutch for support, raise it as a weapon, and make a fierce rush at his foes, which, of course, ended, whilst they yelled with triumph, in a fall upon his nose. Those were proud days for Dot on which he could hop along beside Jude, like a limping toy-terrier trying to keep up with a mastiff. He looked down on, or rather, in a good many cases, up at his tormentors then with a look of ludicrously contemptuous defiance.

And yet Dot, although most gratefully devoted to Jude, felt hurt in his manly pride—for he was a very proud as well as irascible little man —at having to need protection. He comforted himself with the thought that, although unquestionably the big blacksmith was a downright good-hearted fellow, he, Dot, was far superior to him in intellect, whilst in knowledge of London and London ways, Jude was a mere baby in comparison with himself. As a return for the blacksmith's physical protection, the match-seller gave him fatherly advice. He was grieved when he heard of Jude's accident, and yet sweet was mingled with the sour. Now he was not only intellectually, but also *pro tem.* bodily, the superior of the two. Whenever he could get the chance, he came hopping, like a robin, into and about Jude's room; where, with his head on one side, like a robin's, he watched the big man, in order to anticipate his wants, dapped about like a ball to get him what he needed, and meanwhile read him timely lessons of wisdom.

It was not until some days, however, after the accident that Dot heard of it. The old man had been an inmate of the parish infirmary. On the day he was discharged, with

a trifle to set him going again, having begun his rounds much later than usual, he came back to his old lodging in Star Court late in the evening.

When, however, he heard what had happened to his big friend, he had hardly patience to finish his supper before he hopped across the court into Jude's house.

"What is this I 'ear you've been a-doin' of, Mr. Waple?" he asked, with a mournfully reproachful shake of both voice and head, as he halted in the doorway of Jude's bedroom.

"Nothing very bad, I hope," answered Jude. "Come in an' sit ye down. Glad to see ye out again, Dot."

"And I should be glad if I didn't see you a-lying there. Nothing very bad! Don't ye call broken bones bad? For a man o' your years, you've queer notions, Mr. Waple."

"But the doctor says I may get up to-morrow, and get out for a bit, perhaps, the week after. Of course, I shan't be able to go to work all at once; an' I can't well afford to lose four weeks' wages just now—but there, if things might ha' been better, they might be a deal worse. If I'd been killed, that would ha' been a deal worse for my poor girls."

"But 'ow did ye come to let yerself be run over, Mr. Waple? Anybody, to look at us two, would say I was the likelier chap for that. But there, I've lived in London two-and-seventy year, an' I've only been run over once, and you've been here—two year, ain't it? and you've been run over once a-ready. So the chances is, that if *you* should live in London two-and-seventy year, you'll 'ave been run over six-and-thirty times."

"I shall be a good bit over a 'underd, if I live in London two-an'-seventy year, Dot."

"That don't affec' the argueyment, Mr. Waple, I'm speakin' 'portionally. An' you'll be puttin' yer bones hout agin, if ye gits laughin' like that. There—now ye're a-coughing, Mr. Waple—I told ye 'ow 'twould be. The fact is, you countryfolk never gits used to London streets. You don't know 'ow to cross 'em. Instid o' divin' right acrost 'em steady, you git flustered. Now you runs for'ard, and now you runs back'ard, till ye gits yerselves squeeged up between the wheels or right hunder the 'osses' feet."

"But how did *you* manage to get run over, Dot?"

"*Manage it,* Mr. Waple! That's a queer way o' talk. I didn't manage it. 'Tworn't my fault. I was in the bun-line then, an' was a-crossin' Totten'm Court Road, singin' hout 'One a penny—two a penny—Chelsea buns!' and a cabman druv right over me. The fellow swore I was so little that he never see me, but in course that was a lie. I ain't so big as some men, but I ain't a shrimp. You mustn't judge by what I am now—I lost a good bit of my heighth by my accident. I was a weary while in hospital. I'd broke my leg at the knee, ye see, and the bone rotted, an' came out in splinters. The doctors wanted me to let 'em cut it off, but I wouldn't. If I was to 'ave a game leg, I thought I might just as well 'ave my own flesh an' blood as a wooden un. An' when I came hout, I took to the lucifers, an' some'ow I've never been able to git on to anythink helse. It's a poor life. If I could on'y git about a little handier I could do a deal better for myself, hold as I am, for, thank God, I've got my fackilties—more on 'em p'r'aps than some as 'might think they could eat me. Them owdacious boys, though, is my wust worrit. A man don't like to 'ave to stand the cheek o' them young scamps wi'out weltin' 'em for it."

"Do the boys in the court plague ye now, Dot?"

"Not nigh so bad as they used—not never, when young Comber's by. You've been a-talkin' to him, I 'ear. It beats me, though, that he should ha' minded ye. *I've* jawed him for

ten minutes at a stretch, and he on'y made wuss game of me."

"Have you got any matches left, Dot? If you have, it will save Cis from runnin' out," said Mary, looking in.

"Jest three boxes, my dear; and as you're a friend, I'll let yer 'ave 'em for a penny."

"That seems a comical reason for cheatin' ye, Dot," said Jude.

"Well, thankee, my dear," said Dot, as he pocketed the three halfpence which Mary handed him for his matches. "But three for the penny, Mr. Waple, is what a good many as I sarves will 'ave—not the servant gals on'y, but the missuses as well. Ladies, I s'pose, they calls theirselves—leastways they wears silk gownds and goold watches. 'If you'll give me three a penny,' they says 'you may call reg'lar.' But wbere's the sense o' that? I saves 'em trouble by callin' reg'lar, an' lose a ha'penny by doin' on it. The hupper classes is wery hignorant. Why, they can't speak their own language proper. A young swell cove comes up to me to-day, and axes me if I sell lights. 'Yes,' says I, an' 'ands 'im a box o' lucifers. 'Not that wubbish,' says he, 'you old wascal!' and off he goes, as if I'd cheek'd him. I s'pose 'twas cigar-lights he wanted, but why couldn't he ha' said so? 'Wubbish yerself,' says I, makin' fun on 'im. A great tall chap like that talkin' jest like a little kid!"

"I would't be cheeky, if I was you, Dot."

"Cheeky! It was him as was cheeky. An' much you know of London, Mr. Waple, if you think you can git on in the streets wi'out bein' cheeky. I could do a deal better if I was cheeky. There's some match-sellers fair bullies people into buyin', or if they doesn't bully, they 'on't take no. If they sees anyone that looks soft, a quarter o' a mile they'll foller 'im, whimperin' an' oldin' the matches a'most up to his nose. Though 'taint the matches they care to sell—it's jest a blind for beggin'. I wish I'd on'y got a bit more cheek. There's a old cove I've sometimes come acrost out Islington way. He's got a reg'lar song about his matches. Summat like this it goes:

"'Good match-es, good match-es, good match-es have I,
Now, all you good Christ'-ans, at-tend un-to me,
And buy my good match-es, my match-es come buy,
The ve-ry best matches as ever you see.'

He'll sing that up an' down a street a'most before every house, till the folks is glad to buy jest to get rid on 'im. It's a 'orrid row he makes, bleatin' away like a old sheep—he hain't no woice. I'd a deal prettier song when I sold Chelsea buns, an' I worn't ashamed to sing that, but I hain't cheek enough to sing matches. Shall I cut it up for ye, Mr. Waple?" Dot inquired, when Cicely brought in her father's supper.

"No, thankee, Dot, unless you'll have a bit with me. I haven't broken my arms, thank God!"

"I've 'ad my supper—thankee all the same. You'd better let me cut it up, an' I'll feed you like a bird. What are 'yer doin', man? Do yer want to put your bones hout again? 'Ere, shall I give ye a h'ist up?"

"Oh, I can sit up now," said Jude. "Didn't I tell you I was goin' to get out 'o bed to-morrow?"

"To-morrer! an' you'll be a-undoin' of all that's been done for ye," cried Dot in a disappointed tone. He had fancied that for a month or more he would be able to come in in the evening and wait upon his giant lying helpless in bed. "It's downright foolish, if you'll excuse me for saying so, Mr. Waple, for you to be a-throwin' yerself back that way, jest because ye're himpatient. It's jest like a child. You're bound to do it. If you gits up to-morrer, you don't know when yer may git up for good. What'll your doctor say?"

"Why, he told me I might, Dot."

"Then I don't think nuffink on 'im. When I was bad with my leg in the hospital, I laid a-bed for months; and don't it stand to reason that great hospital doctors would know better what's proper than sich a doctor as yourn?"

"But you wouldn't let 'em cut off your leg, Dot."

"That don't affec' the question, Mr. Waple. I've no doubts you're a smart man at your trade, but, if you'll hexcuse me for sayin' so, you can't foller a argueyment. Cuttin' off my leg wouldn't ha' been curin' on it. A man can see that for hisself, wi'out bein' a doctor, and he's a right, I s'pose, to do as he likes wi' his own limbs. If you'll take my adwice, you'll lay where ye are till yer bones is reg'lar j'ined. If you was up, yer couldn't be at work—there you've give yerself a crick as 'tis—I see yer ketch yer breath. I knew 'ow 'twould be. It beats me 'ow 'tis that men won't let theirselves be guided by common sense. Now when *I've* made up my mind what's right, that I sticks to, an' that I follers. You be guided by me, Mr. Waple, and don't you git up to-morrer, no, nor to-morrer fortnit. Doctors like long jobs as well as other folks, when they gets paid for 'em. If your doctor thought as you couldn't pay 'im nuffink, do you believe he'd ha' let you git up to-morrer? No, he'd ha' told you to stop in bed to git quit of yer the quicker. It's a long illness he wants yer to 'ave, an' so he's a-'urryin' on yer up."

"Don't you talk like that, Dot. There ain't many as are kinder to poor men than doctors are. If you can pay 'em, of course, you ought to pay 'em, but if you can't pay 'em, they'll doctor you jest as willin'."

"'Ave yer own way, Mr. Waple, but I ain't horfen wrong. You see if you're about agin by this time six months."

"If I ain't about by this time six weeks, I shan't have enough money to buy bread, much more pay the doctor, so where's the sense of your talk, Dot? The longer I'm ill, the less chance he has of gettin' his money."

"My dear," said Dot to Mary as he went out into the court, "your father's got it into 'is 'ead that he'll get up to-morrer. I've been a-tryin' to persuade 'im not, but when 'e once takes a think into 'is 'ead, he's as stubborn as a mule; but don't you let 'im git up, my dear,—not if you can 'elp it."

THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

CRUSHED was the rose,
But its scent filled the garden;
Broken the box,
But it perfumed the house;
Wounded the tree,
And its life-balm was given;
Suffering soul,
For this cause thou art crushed.

Tossed on the billows,
How steady the sailor;
Rocked on the railroad,
The driver stands firm;
Wielding the sledge,
See the smith's mighty muscle—
Faithful to God,
Thou canst never take harm.

God is with thee just now,
Out of thy darkness
Will come the glad sunshine;
Out of thy pain
Shall come joys manifold;
God can transmute thee
From clay into silver.
He can change clods to the brightest
of gold.

Tears are but seeds
Which yield harvests in heaven;
Patience and faith
Never fled from a foe;
Laughter and song
Change the hut to a palace;
Love in the winter
Weaves flowers from the snow.

Our God is above us,
His hands holds the billows;
He fails not,
But holdeth the stars in the skies;
He loveth us all,
As the purchase of Jesus;
He counts all our tears,
And remembers our sighs.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING NOTHING.

KENNETH went back to his hotel feeling as if he had fallen into the middle of a fairy story or some strange wonderland. What singular people were these—the beautiful girl, well-read, defiant, showing considerable tartness of temper and a mingling of pride, humiliation and discontent; a man in cheap and worn clothing, evidently habitually a drunkard, with the tones and air of a gentleman, quoting the classics of three languages and aptly applying the English Bible; and finally, this dwarfed, plain sister of the beauty, this pathetic child-woman with the sweet voice and sorrowful eyes, a little saint set in one of the world's hard places.

All these must be worth the knowing, and to that grave, courageous little maid he felt drawn in the strong bonds of Christian faith. Here was his Father's child surely, finding her religion a daily stay in a thorny path. And to him the love of God had come as an added joy in an easy and joyous life, something into which he had grown with his daily growing, just as he had grown into man's estate, and which, when it found speech, was expressed simply and frankly as any other thing that was noble, good and true.

He must tell his Aunt Parvin about this family; perhaps a woman's heart and head were needed there to help and sympathize.

Meantime, Letty took her charge home and, putting him into his room, said, "Now, dear, take a wash and lie down until we get supper ready, and then after you have had a cup of strong tea you will be able to begin on these books. It will never do to let all this work lie over, you know."

Then she went into the little back kitchen where Faith had lit a fire and was preparing the supper, albeit with some unnecessary noise and vehemence.

"Do you know, Faith," said Letty, "I found such a nice, handsome young gentleman helping our father home and carrying his parcel of books—a stranger."

"I wish he would attend to his own affairs," cried Faith, "and let our father alone! He was quite able to take care of himself and carry his own books."

"How did either of them come by the books, Faith? You had brought them—how did it happen? Here, let me stir up that corn bread. You sit down. You are tired: you have been all the way to town, and that parcel was heavy."

"I suppose I left the books on the beach. I was tired and sat down to rest. Letty, we are nearly out of wood and there is a nice pile of driftwood down on the beach. It must be brought in after moonrise. If father can't get it, I must. I declare, it makes me so furious to go sneaking out to get driftwood, just as if we were doing something wrong, that I think sometimes that I will just go right out in the light of noonday and bring in my load as old Molly Pegg does."

"Father can get it," said Letty, quietly; "and it is not shame as of wrongdoing, but the reticence of the sensitive poor that makes us go for it after sunset, when no one will see. Do not fret over it, Faith, dear; we are not hurt by it, morally or physically. For my part, I am glad there is driftwood; if there were

none, what should we do for fires? How nice and hot the oven is! We have such a fine black bass here for supper. Kiah Kibble's little boy brought it over. They had been bottom fishing."

Faith looked moodily out of the window. "I don't see why father couldn't have taken the lobsters to Kiah Kibble as usual, instead of going over to the wharf to sell them on that brig!" she burst forth. "He never gets as much for them there, and he gets what he ought not to have."

"I know," said Letty, patiently. "Father is not always easy to manage. I reminded him not to go to the wharf."

"Always! He is never easy to manage. For all the good it did I might have let him go over to the village for the books himself."

"Oh, no, dear! He would not have been back by now. We must not get discouraged; we must do our part, you know."

"I don't see how you stand it, Letty! For me, I feel sometimes as if I couldn't and I wouldn't; and yet I have to. My "could not" and "would not" are like a little wild bird that beats itself to death against its cage."

Letty looked compassionately at her sister. Trouble is so much heavier when it is so rebelliously borne. "Dear, what has gone wrong with you? What has happened?" she asked, still preparing the supper, while Faith, flushed and excited, sat by the window.

"I might as well tell you all about it. It is a mere nothing, but it stirs me all up and makes me so angry!" So she related her adventure with little Richard Parvin, and the picnic under the rocks, and all that had happened that day on the beach.

"I am sure," said Letty, "he looked as if he would be kind and respectful."

"Kind and respectful!" cried Faith; "that is just it. He treated me exactly as he would the young ladies of his acquaintance at the hotel or in the city—and—I am not like those young ladies. I have patches on my shoes and my dress is faded and I make lace for a little money; and I live in this cabin; and my father comes back drunk from emptying his lobster pots! Only for him, Letty,—if he had done right,—you and I would have been like the very best of the young ladies of this—person's—acquaintance—of as good family and position and education and dress and means. We might have been down there at the hotel, happy and at ease like the rest, and not up in this cabin, glad to cook for our supper Kiah Kibble's bass. You, my poor Letty, would have been tall and straight and handsome. It is all his wrong and fault!"

"Our only help is in being patient and resting in God's will and doing our best," said Letty, setting the table. "And, as you say, Faith, we are not like the rest, and it is well to keep away from them. We must do and be just what our dear mother would have wished, Faith; and if I were you, I would have nothing more to do with that young man, though he does seem to be kind and polite. You cannot meet him on equal terms, and so I would not see him at all."

"See him! have anything to do with him!" cried Faith, angrily; "I hate the sight of him! My troubles and position make me so bitter, Letty, I hate all of them—all the comfortable, gay, well-to-do ones. I can't bear them to come here. They spoil the beach for me. They make the beautiful summer worse than winter. I don't know how you stand it all so meekly as you do, Letty."

"Faith, dear," said Letty, "if I tried to carry my burden myself, it would crush me; but I have always been so weak and helpless, and since mother died, with no one in this

world to rest on, I have learned to take all to God. Oh, it is such a comfort, as each new trouble rises, to fly right with it to God; to feel that there is One who knows all and can do all, who hears my every word and feels for all my sorrow. Faith, it is just this way, as it was when I was a little child and had mother: when I was out playing or when I was studying, whatever it was, I felt that mother's care was over me; and no matter what happened—if I hurt myself, or lost anything, or felt sick or tired, or anyone said an unkind word, or a little playmate injured me, or I had happiness, found something pretty, was given a flower or a treat—it was all the same: I ran with it right to mother. I knew I should be welcome. She was never too busy or too tired to attend to me. All my feelings of joy or of sorrow were reflected in her face. Her arms were always held out to me; she knew just what to say to me; she could put all that was wrong right, and when I was tired I fell asleep in her lap. And, Faith, now mother is gone, and the cares are heavier cares; and what should I do if I could not fly with them all, every one, to God and believe what he says? 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'"

"Letty, you dear little soul!" said Faith, bending down and clasping her little sister in her arms, "what an angel you are! How ashamed you make me of my fretfulness when I see your patience! Don't be quite so good, Letty. I am often afraid I shall see the wings growing that shall carry you away where nothing shall offend. And we need you here, Letty. What poor stuff my religion seems beside yours, you little saint!"

Letty smiled and patted Faith's cheek. She was accustomed to these variations in her beautiful sister's mood.

"Do sit down and rest a minute," said Faith, "and let me make the tea. The trouble is, I grow restive and miserable over this having nothing. I count up the *don't haves*, and the list is so long! And you have just as little; yes, you have less than I do, for I have health and strength, and you, instead of sitting and repining in the bleak region of having nothing, rise up into the higher region of possessing all things."

"We both of us have much if we count it up honestly," said Letty. "I have strong eyes—that is such a comfort—and I have you, my dear, sweet Faith. What should I do without you? And you know we have both had a good education, and that is worth much; and you have not only health and strength, but beauty, Faith; and it is good to be beautiful."

"Sometimes I think it is a misfortune," said Faith. "I can't help feeling that I would *fit* in a much better place. I have the education and the taste and the appearance that belong to better things; and then I look forward through the long, long years of poverty and toil and hardship and discontent, and I see myself losing the youth and strength and beauty and hope that I have now, and I follow with my eyes old Molly Pegg in her scoop bonnet and rusty cloak, toiling down the beach with her driftwood fagot on her back, and I say: "Faith Kemp! there goes the pattern of what you will be by-and-bye!"

"O Faith! Faith!" cried Letty. "Do you not see that half your troubles are of your own making, are purely imaginary, and are caused by bearing to-day all the weight of the years to come? The loss of youth and health and strength and beauty you bear as a present trouble, when it lies so far away. And how do you know but that when the years bring all that loss, they will have brought one by one the compensations that shall make

the loss unfelt—home, friends, competence, occupation, useful position? How do you know, dear Faith, what the good Lord has in store for you in this world? And whatever he has for us here, good or evil, as we may call it, we know and are sure that this world lasts for a very little while, and when we are done with it it will seem 'as a dream when one awaketh,'. and 'as a watch in the night,' and no matter how little we have here, 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' We are sure of the crown of glory, the white robe, and the palm, Faith."

"You are sure of it," said Faith, kneeling by her sister and holding her fast, "because you daily grow in grace and have in your heart the earnest of the Spirit, and your afflictions are working out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But for me, I think my guardian angel must be saying, as One who spoke to Paul on the Damascus road: 'It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.' But whatever you may say, Letty, I cannot help feeling that you do have more trials than you need or than are your proper share."

And as Faith said this she did not consider that hard as Letty's lot was, and many as were her troubles, they were made heavier very often by Faith's own repinings and rebellions and murmurings. Letty had to be cheerful and courageous for both herself and Faith, and Faith added to the burdens which she deplored. Letty also did not think of this; she was not given to accusing other people.

For several days after, father kept at his work on the books and exercises, and Letty wrought by the window, and Faith in her rock boudoir made lace on the beach. Why should she refuse herself the health and comfort of the wide air, the sparkling waves, the fleeting ships, the birds wheeling overhead? These things were life to her, and were her only joy. Winters, when she must work within doors, were so long, and summers were so short! Why should she sit in the small room and be driven wild by the shirr of Letty's gold thread through the satin, or the scratch, scratch, scratch of father's pen and the sharp turning of the leaves of the ledgers? She meant to possess her rocky bower in defiance of intruders. If that young man from the hotel came, she would plainly ask him to keep away. But he did not come.

Father's work was finished and Faith must take it back. With days of abstinence, sobriety had fully returned, and father was enraged against himself, and for the time hated the demon whereby he fell, and wrote bitter things against himself. No one could accuse him more fiercely than he did himself. These days of depression and self-upbraiding were almost as painful to Letty as drunken days. Her father threatened suicide, declaring that the only kindness he could now do to his ruined house was to put himself out of a world where he played his part so poorly. Letty tried to divert him by keeping him busy and by making plans.

"You need a new winter suit, father. Try now and save up money to buy one. And you will like to buy Faith a new dress, I am sure you will. A green camel's-hair, a very dark green, will become her so well; and then you and she can go to church together. Suppose, father, that it should happen that you never drank another drop of strong drink. Suppose some sickening hate of it should come into you, and you were always sober. I know there are old friends who could find you a place in a Latin school, and we would go—somewhere—where the school is, and live in a dear little house, with books and pictures

and a violin to play on; and by-and-bye Faith would marry a lawyer or a judge or the principal of the Latin school, and you and I would live on all our days together. You would like that, father?"

And father would listen, shaking and nodding his head.

Like it? Yes, very much. But what hope was there that the master-appetite should be mastered? None! none! none!

Thus Letty and the father talked one day, while Faith was carrying the books to town, to come back with others. As she came back, moving swiftly and gracefully where the sand was hard along the beach, Kenneth Julian, who was fishing in a creek running into a cranberry swamp, saw her, and straightway put up his rod. When a bee in flight sees a flower, to the flower it goes without afterthought or discussing why. Bees are made that way; and where elate youth sees other youth and beauty passing by, straightway like is soon drawn to like, as bee to bloom. So Kenneth soon overtook Faith, and from behind addressed her with deference:

"Miss Kemp, will you allow me to carry that parcel for you?"

So he knew her name. Faith paused; she wanted something to find fault with.

"I am not Miss Kemp; my sister is older than I."

Kenneth bowed humbly.

"And I can carry the books. I like to carry parcels."

"The beach," quoth Kenneth, "is wide; do you find it needful to walk on it alone? If I am obliged to go to the hotel the other way, it will be two miles farther."

Faith smiled a little.

"I have nothing to say about the beach; it is common to all," she retorted, and moved on, holding her head high.

Kenneth also moved on, walking so near the water that he wet his feet.

"Your father tells me that you have in the city a brother, Hugh Kemp, with his uncle, Mr. Thomas Wharton. I could find him when I go back to New York. It might be very pleasant to him to meet someone who had seen his sisters."

Faith turned toward him a flushed and wistful face.

"Could you give me the address?" suggested Kenneth.

"No; but uncle has a warehouse in the gutta-percha and India-rubber business."

"I can easily find it by the directory."

"No, don't! Letty might not like it. Letty is so particular, and she promised—but I did not—I promised nothing."

Kenneth was silent. It might not be safe to question.

Faith looked at him anxiously.

"I should like so much to hear from my brother! We loved each other so dearly. We were always together; and I have not seen him or heard of him for six years."

"That is a beastly shame of him," declared Kenneth.

"No, no! It is not his fault. But what I should like to know is if in this time he has forgotten; if he thinks of us; if he cares for us still; if he means to come back. The way of it was this: our mother died six years ago, when Hugh was thirteen. Uncle Tom Wharton, our mother's brother, is rich. He is a bachelor. He was very angry with father—because of—his drinking, and he felt that that had made mother unhappy and had shortened her life. And when she died, he came and he had a great quarrel with father and offered to take us all three to live with him, only we must never have anything more to do with father—unless he reformed. Letty was seventeen then, and she said she could not leave father; she had promised mother to do her best for him. And I said I could not leave poor little Letty alone. So

Uncle Wharton was angry, and he said father was going to ruin Hugh, and we could give him Hugh. And we agreed, and Uncle Wharton said there must be no communication at all until Hugh was twenty-one, and able to choose as a man for himself. He said by then Hugh's tastes and habits would be fixed; until then not a word."

"I call it cruel, outrageous!" cried Kenneth.

"It seemed so to me. But perhaps it was better for Hugh. I think he will not forget, and in two years more we may see him again. Letty, for the sake of Hugh's good, accepted Uncle Tom's terms. I was angry and I did not say a word. We have never heard—not even if he is alive. I think Letty would be so glad to know that Hugh is strong and well and busy and happy and good. And Letty has so little comfort! And I should like to know if Hugh's heart is right and faithful to us; if he has never forgotten all we used to be to each other. I want to know if he loves me still."

"And you shall know it," said Kenneth. "As soon as I go back to the city I will find him and will let you know."

"Would you tell me the truth, the whole truth about him, good or bad, whether it would make me glad or sorry?" asked Faith.

"I would, honest; there's my hand on it."

So they shook hands and walked on side by side, and now Kenneth was carrying the books.

"Your Uncle Wharton must be a regular Turk," said Kenneth.

"He was very angry, and he hates father and has no patience with him. When our mother married our father he was one of the handsomest, most accomplished men in all Boston, with the finest of prospects. Their life opened so well; and only think, in less than nineteen years all was ruined! You noticed my sister Letty? She is like an angel. No one knows as I do how good Letty is. You see she did not grow right? It was because father let her fall when he was playing with her when she was two years old. She was his pet. He tossed her up and failed to catch her, because he had been taking too much wine. He has never forgiven himself. I think it has helped to make him desperate —that and his loss of position and of his property and mother and Hugh. But Letty never thinks of complaining or condemning. She forgives him all."

"She is a saint," said Kenneth, heartily.

"We came here four years ago to hide from everyone and try to keep father safer than in Boston, and we furnished that tiny house with a little money that was left. Letty does fine embroidery, and I make lace for some stores in the city. People who knew our mother give us that work. You see we are poor folks, very poor, and worse—we are disgraced."

"People can only be disgraced by their own acts," said Kenneth. "I talked with your father the other day, and his learning made me ashamed of my own small acquisitions in my college course."

"Father is really a splendid scholar," said Faith, with some pride.

She did not realize how freely she had been talking to this stranger. Those words about her brother had opened her heart and made them friends. But suddenly, as she neared heme, she bethought herself.

"Give me the books," she said. "I wonder that I have talked so much to you. Letty and I make it a rule never to get acquainted with people. We feel that it is much better that we should not."

JOHN MACGREGOR, PHILANTHROPIST.*

It is a notable month that gives us two such biographies as those of the poet Whittier and the philanthropist MacGregor. The two men were remarkably diverse, the one a quiet recluse, looking at the world from his loop-holes of retreat, yet moulding the thought of a nation; the other a typical British globe-trotter, a busy man of affairs, taking part in all the activities and philanthropies of his time. Yet they have this in common: they both were passionate lovers of their kind.

On the first of March, 1825, the *Kent*, East Indiaman, with 640 persons on board, was found to be on fire in the stormy Bay of Biscay. The troops marshalled on deck as on parade. With great difficulty most of the ship's company were transferred to a small brig, among them a child of five weeks old—John MacGregor, the hero of this volume.

Captain MacGregor, his father, was calm in that hour of peril. He prayed with and exhorted the passengers and crew, and was almost the last to leave the sinking ship. It is a curious coincidence that nineteen months after, when on duty in the Barbadoes, he had brought him a letter, which he had written in the immediate presence of death, and sealed in a bottle which had drifted halfway round the world.

Thirty years later, John MacGregor met an old sailor selling doggerel verses relating the burning of the *Kent*, at which, he said, he had been present. Mr. MacGregor said he also was a survivor of the disaster, to which the sailor replied, "That you were not, unless you were the baby I helped into the boat."

The celebrated Hannah Moore, in her eighty-first year, wrote the following lines to the little lad whose life voyage so inauspiciously began:

"Sweet babe, *twice* rescued from the yawning grave,
The flames tremendous and the furious wave,
May a *third* better life thy spirit meet,
E'en life eternal, at thy Saviour's feet."

The life thus wonderfully preserved was destined to wide usefulness. The boy early learned to pray, if it were only first that God would help him to catch fish, then that he would give him a new heart; so through life he blended the secular and the sacred. Religion did not for a moment mar the full enjoyment of his boy life or check the spirit of adventure. At twelve years of age he leaped into a lifeboat and went off with the crew to rescue a number of shipwrecked sailors.

When Colonel MacGregor—for he was rapidly promoted—was in Halifax, N.S., every one of the soldiers in his regiment used to march to church with his Bible and psalm-book, and nearly seven hundred of them partook of the Sacrament. For twenty years the Colonel—at length promoted to be General—commanded the constabulary force in Ireland.

His son, trained in good schools, took his religion with him to Cambridge, where he joined one of the first small Bible classes held in the University, and like the early Methodists, endured the sneers of the witlings for his piety. He made a specialty of mathematics. By the time he was twenty he was a contributor to *Punch*, and soon after to over fifty other papers. He graduated with honours, and came to London to read for the bar, making a specialty of patent law.

His first trip abroad was to Paris, in 1848, when he witnessed the famous *coup d'état*. The following year he made an eight months' tour to Greece, Turkey, Palestine, Upper and Lower Egypt, Malta and Gibraltar. The travelling was slow and difficult—sixty hours in diligence from Paris to Geneva. It can now be done by railway in ten hours. One result of his journey was a remarkable book on Eastern music, giving in notation Greek, Turkish, Egyptian, Bedouin and other national songs.

The Shoe-Black Brigade.

MacGregor was much interested in the London ragged schools, to which his first fee from *Punch* was given. In 1850 he found his vocation. Walking with three friends up Holborn Hill, the organization of a shoe-black brigade was suggested. Two pounds were contributed, and four boys set to work. The four committee-

* *John MacGregor* (*Rob Roy*). By Edwin Hodder, author of the "Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.," "Samuel Morley," "Sir George Burns, Bart.," etc. With etched portrait by H. Manesse, and numerous illustrations; fac-similes of sketches, etc. Second edition. London: Hodder Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xiv.–458. Price, $4.50.

men initiated the boys in the art and mystery of polishing boots, running out now and then to get a splash of mud to prepare their own foot-gear for re-treatment. The street-cadgers guyed the boys unmercifully, the Bobbies and Peelers* made them move on. The first attempt was a complete fiasco, but MacGregor was not to be daunted. He took thirty of the boys and marched them in their blazing uniform through the great Exhibition. Soon the brigade became a great success. The boy's earnings were divided into three parts: one-third for his expenses, one-third for the boys' bank, and one-third for his pocket. They were well housed and fed, and in 1892 their earnings had reached £70,800, and they earn now over £1,000 a month. MacGregor attributed much moral benefit to the act of having one's boots cleaned. "All his customers," he says, "were better Christians therefrom." Soon followed the Messenger Brigade, the Newspaper Brigade, and other boys' employment.

MacGregor was soon off again in search of adventure. He climbed Mont Blanc, Vesuvius and Etna; walked twenty-nine miles in seven hours in the rain, rode sixty hours in diligence from Turin to Lyons.

Street Preaching.

On his return he devoted himself to open-air mission work and slum-visiting. Street preaching became a passion. The combative instincts of his Rob Roy ancestry came out in his vigorous controversies with Romanists, Mormons, communists, sceptics and secularists.

His pamphlet on city mission work, "Go Out Quickly," reached a sale of 111,000 copies. "This is heavenly work," he writes; "it brings the best things to the lost people." A fac-simile of a page of his Greek Testament is full of critical and devotional annotations. His manly manner won the hearts even of his opponents. John Holyoke and others of his kind became his life-long friends. He would compel his opponents to shake hands after a wordy duel. He had great faith in muscular Christianity, was a good swimmer, gymnast and rower, and so expert in self-defence that he made a fast friend of a bully who found his attack heartily returned.

His favourite holiday enjoyment was a trip of foreign travel. One of these took him through Spain, Minorca and Majorca, and another in the United States and Canada. Speaking of Chatham, in Canada, he says, "I have found as many gentlemanly-minded negroes as white men. There will be a civil war yet over this negro question."

Another trip took him to Russia and the great fair of Novgorod on the Volga, riding hundreds of miles in a jolting *tarantas.*

Still another took him down the Danube to Greece, Malta, Tunis and Algeria, with a dash into the Sahara, where we find him reading "Adam Bede" amid the sand.

A Volunteer.

His activity now received a new bent. His brother had been killed in the Crimean war. Tennyson's song, "Riflemen, Arm!" stirred the heart of the nation. MacGregor threw himself with enthusiasm into the volunteer movement, and helped to organize the London Scottish Regiment, the first to wear kilts south of Tweed. The Marquis of Lorne and other distinguished men served in his company. He won the first prize for sharp-shooting in three successive years, and made five bulls-eyes in succession.

The kilts elicited many jokes—an Irish one not so bad: "Souldier, you are cowld with the kilt, and I am kilt with the cowld."

In his effort at slum reform, MacGregor explored the penny gaffs, rat-pits and lodging-houses and low resorts of London, and promoted much reformatory legislation. With all his enthusiasm for the poor, he was governed by hard-headed Scotch common-sense. "I am glad to think," he says, "I never gave a beggar in London even a penny." The same thing is said of that shrewd political economist, Archbishop Whately.

MacGregor was anything but an ascetic. In a holiday yacht tour in the *Beagle*, he kept the log, and a very rollicking log it was, with whimsical pen and pencil caricatures. But while enjoying his holidays with tremendous gusto, he never forgot his Christian manhood.

The Rob Roy Canoes.

In 1865 a new fad was hatched in his busy brain. He designed and built a light-decked sailing canoe, fifteen feet long, named the *Rob Roy.* In this he sailed a thousand miles, on the Meuse, Rhine, Danube and Swiss lakes, taking it over mountain passes on ox carts.

Canoe clubs became the fashion, and in England, France, and even Australia,

* These names are derived from Sir Robert Peel, who organized the police.

mission canoes scattered the Gospel to many who would otherwise never have had it. MacGregor himself projected a missionary tour around the world.

In an improved *Rob Roy*, weighing only sixty pounds, and the luggage, stove and stores only twelve, he explored the Norwegian and Baltic waters. The sporting papers poked great fun at this aquatic centaur, especially when his chief object seemed to be to distribute tracts in many languages to the sailors of many lands. The next year he made his greatest canoeing exploit with the *Rob Roy*, on the Suez canal, the Red Sea and the Jordan. He had hard work and hard fare—had to tow his boat with a rope around his waist; was fired at and captured by the Arabs, but ate salt with the chief and so made him his friend; told the Gospel story to Moslem shepherds on Christmas Day; was nearly wrecked by a crocodile on the Kishon; was attacked by wild boars, and had many hair-breadth escapes. He explored many Biblical sites, before unknown.

His *Rob Roy* books took like fire among the heather. The large amounts netted by their sale were all given away in philanthropies. He resolved to raise £10,000 by lecturing on Palestine in the chief cities of the kingdom, and did so in 126 lectures.

MacGregor had hitherto been too busy to marry. At length, being able to offer a suitable home, he wed the girl he had loved in silence for eight years. His whimsical humour thus describes his feelings:

"December 1—Preparing for execution.
"December 2— ditto
"December 3— ditto
"December 4—Wedding day."

The boys of the training-ship and of the shoe-black brigade formed a guard of honour on the occasion.

Last Days.

He was now elected a member of the London School Board, and he first introduced prayers in the Board, as he had in Lawyers' Commons and among the London Volunteers. To School Board work he gave eight hours a day for five days a week. He personally investigated 2,000 cases of juvenile criminality, sending 1,000 of the children to industrial schools.

He wrote much for the press, and early promoted such literature as the *British Workman*, *Boys' Own*, and other similar papers. Of course he was fond of dogs, and generally took one bearing the name of "Rob" on his canoe trips. His venerable father lived to the age of ninety-four, a happy Christian patriarch.

MacGregor warmly supported the Palestine Exploration Fund, the Bible Society, the Tyndale and Shaftesbury Memorials—every good object—working to the last to the limit of his strength. His final illness was brief. Among his latest utterances were: "We must do our work for the kingdom. It is delightful to work for God." "We ought to be preaching, preaching. We are far too comfortable here." "My delight is that I am getting nearer and dearer to Him." His last recorded words were, "I go to see Him."

This was a type of noble manhood, one needed for the times. His zeal in social reform never drew him from the conviction that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul."

He saw almost everyone worth seeing—Carlyle, Rogers, Browning, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Spurgeon, Punshon, Moody, Garibaldi, Lord W. Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Elcho, Tyndall, Delane of the *Times*, Lord Houghton, Bob Lowe, Tennyson and other notables. In four days he took four long walks with the Laureate, and strongly remonstrated with him for the light use of the word "Devil" in an Irish story, in deference to which the word was omitted from the poem. The book records familiar interviews with the Marquis of Lorne, the Princess Louise, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales, and marked attention from the Queen. He was deeply impressed with the talent, courtesy and boundless suppleness of Gladstone's intellect, and with his deep reverence for God and the Bible, and firm hold of Christ.

From this brief *resumé* will be apparent how full and varied is the scope of this ideal biography. The author has wisely let MacGregor speak for himself in his letters and journals.

Somewhere in the distant ages,
Glad surprises, one by one,
Wait thy songs of adoration,
For the wonders God has done;

For the sheaves in heavenly garner,
Sprung from seed sown here in tears,
Oh! how blessed then the memory
Of earth's toiling, waiting years.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Rev. Dr. Moulton, head-master of the Leys School, has been appointed magistrate for the borough of Cambridge. This is the first time that the Lord Chancellor has thus elevated a Wesleyan minister. Episcopalian clergymen in large numbers sit upon the bench.

The late Rev. Henry Moore, one of the Rev. John Wesley's biographers, testifies that when Mr. Wesley composed the well-known "Four Volumes of Sermons," which are the recognized standards, he used no other books than the Holy Scriptures in the original tongues.

The Day of Intercession, on behalf of Foreign Missions, was generally observed both at home and abroad. At all the services special offerings were made to liquidate the debt.

Rev. Peter Mackenzie, who is on the superannuated list, last year travelled ten thousand miles, and conducted on an average ten services a week. It is said that no living man has raised more money for churches by means of preaching and lecturing.

The Home Mission department contains many evidences of prosperity. The London mission has 3,490 members; the Manchester mission counts 10,000 worshippers on the Lord's day and 3,000 Sunday-school scholars; the Birmingham mission has 1,350 persons meeting in class, the Leeds mission (central) has adult Bible-classes with 1,000 persons over eighteen years of age in regular attendance.

The publishers of the *Methodist Times* have forwarded $1,582 to the treasurer of the Aged Ministers' and Widows' Fund, the amount of profits for the year. This generous gift makes more than $12,650 which has thus been contributed.

The Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society has fallen heir to the achievements wrought by the English Wesleyans in Fiji, Samoa, New Britain and British New Guinea, and makes report of 1,542 preaching places occupied by twenty-eight English missionaries, seventy-six native ministers, 1,243 teachers, 2,388 local preachers, 4,085 class-leaders, and 2,379 school teachers. The native church members number 33,376, with 6,205 on trial and 218,817 attendants on public worship. There are 40,875 in the day-schools. Fiji alone has 30,583 in the churches.

In ten years of evangelistic work Rev. Thomas Waugh has had forty thousand seekers in his inquiry-rooms; six hundred men are preaching the Gospel who were converted at his services.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

This Church has 121 conferences, seven mission conferences and twelve missions. There are 16,652 preachers and 14,811 local preachers. The lay members and probationers make up an aggregate of 2,681,639. There are 339,024 officers and teachers, and 2,501,917 scholars enrolled in 29,559 Sunday-schools.

The publishing house in Madras, India, was begun in 1885, in a room 8x10 feet. The plant consisted of a boy's press, which printed a leaflet 4x6 inches, and a small font of Tamil type. Now the house includes two lots and a building worth $30,000. Work is done in five languages.

Bishop Taylor was engaged in evangelistic services in Ireland for five weeks. He reports excellent health for himself and glorious anticipations for Africa the coming year.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has thirteen hospitals and dispensaries, and ministers to about fifty thousand women through its medical missionaries.

A grand frontier minister laid down his life for Christ's sake. Through the winter he fought a temperature sometimes of forty degrees below zero, but at last a severe cold ended in his death. His wife sold her wedding dress to buy him an overcoat, but too late, and his bride of a twelvemonth went out a widow with a babe in her arms.

Instead of giving his usual New Year's dinner to the pastors of Omaha and vicinity, Bishop Newman expended the amount which the dinner would have

cost on overcoats for needy preachers in Nebraska.

Bishop Hurst says, "The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church, though only organized five years before, now numbers 900,000 members. The advance during the last year has been more pronounced than during the four preceding. It is the golden bond of the brotherhood of the young which unites all the leading branches of American Methodism and extends from the northern limits of the Dominion of Canada down to the Gulf of Mexico.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

It is now made imperative for every preacher in charge to hold missionary mass-meetings annually in every church and to circulate missionary literature.

The two Methodisms, North and South, are giving many proofs of their fraternal esteem for each other. They gained an increase of about 250,000 for the year just closed.

Rev. Dr. Kelly, who was fraternal delegate to the second General Conference in Canada, delivered a Thanksgiving address in the Hebrew temple, at Nashville, Tenn. This is probably the first instance in which a Methodist minister, by invitation, has spoken in a Hebrew temple.

Primitive Methodist.

Two hundred of the soldiers at Aldershot camp are from Primitive Methodist homes. The labours of the missionary have been successful. The number attending public worship has greatly increased. Some of the churches in England are greatly burdened with debts, to reduce which commendable efforts are being made. Certain trust boards which are in easy circumstances have rendered valuable financial aid to those who are oppressed.

Quite a number of the Primitive Methodist laymen have been made members of the new parish councils, and in several instances they have been elected chairmen of the council.

Methodist Church.

Our readers will remember that some years ago the Rev. Dr. Fawcett founded a scholarship in Victoria University to be known as the Michael Fawcett scholarship. We are glad to state that Mr. A. E. Ames, son of the Rev. W. Ames, London Conference, has founded another scholarship. Dr. Bell, Professor of Classics, has founded a scholarship in the third-year classics worth $60. These noble examples are worthy of imitation.

Rev. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley are still pursuing their evangelistic course. We last heard of them at Boston, whither they went from St. Catharines, where much good was done.

Since Mr. Moody's visit to Toronto several of our city ministers have held special services. We know for certain of the following: the pastors of Elm, McCaul, Bathurst, Queen St. churches have all been more or less successful. There may have been others of which we have not heard.

It is gratifying to see that many of our churches are adopting improved methods in raising church funds. Instead of the old-fashioned tea-meetings, how much better to give thank-offerings on the anniversary day. The churches of Trinity and Euclid Ave. adopted this method a few Sabbaths ago, and all were astonished with the results. Country circuits are falling into line. Omemee and Palermo sometime proved that the latter is a more excellent way.

In this connection we are glad to record of Claremont Methodists, who paid up $3,600 of subscriptions which were promised at the dedication. No wonder they were jubilant when Brother Dobson applied the match to the note.

The Methodists of Toronto were gratified with the Sunday-school rally on New Year's Day. Massey Hall never presented a finer appearance than when four thousand little men and little women and their friends assembled together, representing the Sunday-schools of the city. The orchestra was made up from all the orchestras of the schools, and the singing by the children, led by Mr. and Mrs. Blight, was of the grandest description. President Galbraith led in prayer. Dr. Potts presided. Appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. W. F. Wilson and Mr. A. Day. The rally was a grand success, and will be repeated D.V. on succeeding New Year's Days. Toronto Methodists borrowed this grand fete from Montreal, as they did the Good-Friday love-feast.

An important gathering lately took place in St. James' Church, Montreal, when the following question among others was discussed. "Is Protestantism increasing in Montreal?" The conclusion reached was, "It is not increasing so rapidly as Roman Catholicism, which had increased forty-six per cent. in the decade

as compared with forty-four per cent. increase in Protestantism." An evidence of the progress of Protestantism in the city was the demand for day-school accommodation. Each year the Protestant school commissioners had to provide for three or four hundred more scholars, or in other words they were called to provide a new school every year. According to the census returns there are twice as many Presbyterians and three times as many Anglicans as there are Methodists in the city, yet the last named had almost as many Sabbath-school scholars as the other two grand old Churches.

The Methodists of Canada will doubtless sympathize with their brethren in Newfoundland in their commercial straits. Those to whom the Master has given much might aid their suffering brethren in their affliction. All our people throughout the Dominion should read very carefully the "Missionary Report," from which they will see that Newfoundland Conference is the banner Conference of the Methodist Church, inasmuch as while only three Conferences report an increase of missionary income, Newfoundland is at the head of the three and has a larger increase than both the others put together. All the western Conferences, including Montreal, report decrease. Only Nova Scotia, in the Maritime Provinces, reports increase. British Columbia is on the right side. May the report for 1895 tell of advance all along the line.

The subscription list of the *Christian Guardian* is increasing very rapidly. More than 5,000 names have been added.

Death Roll.

Rev. J. Milner, of the Primitive Methodist Church, died January 3rd. He was not an aged man, but for some time his health had failed, though no serious results were anticipated until shortly before he expired. He had done much hard work in the connexion and now reaps a glorious reward.

Rev. William King, of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, died January 5th, at the age of eighty-three. A native of Ireland, he came to America at an early period of life, and became a minister in the South, where he became a slave-owner by marriage, and soon afterwards he liberated his bondmen, and established the Elgin settlement at Chatham, for coloured freedmen. For many years he performed herculean labour and had the satisfaction of seeing his labours crowned with success. For several years he has lived in retirement. His funeral was the largest ever seen in Chatham, a proof of the esteem in which he was held by all classes. He is one of the characters portrayed in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Hon. S. L. Shannon, Q.C., of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has joined the majority after being a denizen of earth for the long period of seventy-eight years. He was a member of the legal profession, and was for some years a member of the Legislature. Since 1881 he held the position of Judge of Probate and was highly esteemed by all classes. For many years he was a member of the Methodist Church, which he served faithfully in many offices. He was a member of the first General Conference in 1874, and of the United General Conference in 1883, so that he was connected with two important events in Canadian Methodism. He has left a spotless reputation. His widow and eight children survive him. His eldest son is the accountant in the Mission Rooms.

Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Clifton Springs, N.Y., on the last Sabbath in January. He was a man greatly beloved, who served his Church and generation well, in a variety of positions, as pastor, editor, author, etc. He was spared to the great age of eighty-five.

In Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth
Life stirs again within the clod,
Renewed in beauteous birth.
The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing His breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God;
From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet—
Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.